

ENLIVENING AGRICULTURE IN EAST SUFFOLK.
THE HOUSE OF SMITH, ELDER. By the Editor of the "Cornhill Magazine."

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON. W.C.

VOL. XLI. No. 1062.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the
New York, N.Y. Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, MAY 12th, 1917.

Published Weekly. PRICE SEVENPENCE.
Subscription Price, per annum, post free.
Inland and Canadian, 38s. 4d. Foreign 52s. 4d.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR
REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

MAPLE & CO. are disposing of
manufacturers' accumulations of Bed and
Table Linens at remarkably low prices on
MONDAY, MAY 14
and daily

WRITE FOR PRICE LISTS

MAPLE & CO LTD

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W1

AVON

TYRES

—the tyres that Britons make.

Manufactured by

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD.
19, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Works: Melksham and Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

Depôts: Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bristol, Newcastle, Nottingham,
Aberdeen, Swansea, Dublin, Paris.

Stocks held by Garages throughout the United Kingdom.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

OF BEEF, CHICKEN OR MUTTON,
FROM FINEST BRITISH MEATS.

For the Wounded & Convalescent.

BRAND & CO., Ltd., Mayfair Works, VAUXHALL, LONDON.

SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON. W.

Dining Room

FURNITURE

in Oak of Antique design and finish.

5-FT. SIDBOARD ... £10 0 0 | SIX SMALL & ONE ARM... £11 10 0
EXTENDING DINING TABLE, £6 15 0 | UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS To match.

—that's why Ronuk is the Polish used in the leading Hospitals,
Public Institutions and thousands of British households.

THERE'S
NOTHING
LIKE
RONUK
FOR
POLISHING
FLOORS

RONUK

THE SANITARY POLISH

It is the most THOROUGH and ECONOMICAL polish known. A little Ronuk produces a beautiful lustrous polish on Floors, Furniture, Linoleum, etc., at a minimum of expense, time, and trouble. Sold everywhere in large, medium, and small tins.

RONUK LTD., Dept. No. 10, PORTSLADE, BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON. PRINCES HOTEL

GRAND AVENUE, HOVE.

THE FINEST POSITION IN BRIGHTON.

Facing the sea and opposite the famous
Hove Lawns, the favourite promenade of the
late King Edward, free to the guests of
the Hotel.

Sea-water Baths. Motor Garage and Pit.

SPACIOUS PUBLIC ROOMS.

Princes Hotel is famous for its luxurious self-
contained apartments with verandahs facing
the Sea. Patronised by the Court and the
most aristocratic families of England and the
Continent.

UNEQUALLED CUISINE. Telephone 2494 Hove.

WHERE HELP IS NEEDED

SPURGEON'S ORPHANAGE

CLAPHAM RD., LONDON, S.W. Seaside Home Branch: Cliftonville, Margate.
 Vice-President— President and Director— Treasurer—
 Rev. CHARLES SPURGEON. Rev. THOMAS SPURGEON. WILLIAM HIGGS, Esq.
A HOME and SCHOOL for 500 FATHERLESS CHILDREN and a Memorial of the beloved Founder, C. H. SPURGEON. No Votes required. The most needy and deserving cases are selected for admission. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Spurgeon's Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W. *Note to Intending Benefactors*—Our Last Annual Report, containing a Legal Form of Bequest, will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary.

CHURCH ARMY HUTS

ARE GIVING REST, RECREATION & COMFORT

to our gallant Soldiers and Sailors at home and in every theatre of war. Many scores of them are under shell-fire on the Western Front. 60 along the Canal and in other parts of Egypt.

MORE ARE URGENTLY REQUIRED

Hut costs £400; Equipment £100; Maintenance £5 per week Abroad; £2 at Home.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES



9,396 OLD BARNARDO BOYS ARE
SERVING THE EMPIRE IN THE
ARMY AND NAVY AND MERCANTILE
MARINE.

Seven have gained the Military
Medal; one the D.S.M.; three
mentioned in despatches.

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund," and crossed (Notes should be Registered), may be addressed to the Hon. Director, William Baker, M.A., LL.B., 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1. *Please mention "Country Life."*

380 Beds at the
Hospital and
Convalescent Home.
3,021 In-Patients.
102,525 Out-Patient
Attendances
last year.

Gt Northern Central Hospital,

HOLLOWAY, N. (The largest General Hospital in North London) NEEDS HELP.

£5,000
REQUIRED IMMEDIATELY
245 Beds for
Sick and Wounded
Soldiers.
135 for Civilians.

GILBERT G. PANTER, Secretary.

CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE).

(INCORPORATED UNDER ROYAL CHARTER)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.



All applicants seen, without
having the trouble of first
procuring a Governor's Letter,
each week day at 2 p.m.

BANKERS:
MESSRS. COUTTS & CO. SECRETARY:
440, Strand, W.C. FRKD. W. HOWELL.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

Patrons: T.M. The KING and QUEEN.

36TH ANNIVERSARY

1917.

TUESDAY, MAY 15th.

8.45 a.m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion in the
Crypt Chapel, St. Paul's Cathedral.

11 a.m.—Annual General Meeting, Chapter House,
St. Paul's Cathedral.

3 p.m.—Service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.
Preacher the Bishop of London.

4,800 Children now in the Homes, including 1,300
Soldiers' and Sailors' Children.
More than 21,000 little ones rescued.

PREBENDARY RUDOLF, Old Town Hall, Kennington Road,
London, S.E. 11.

CITY OF LONDON CHEST HOSPITAL

Adjoining the Park of 217 acres and popularly known as
VICTORIA PARK HOSPITAL, E.

PATRONS—THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The Committee of this Hospital, which contains 175 beds, and is benefiting soldiers and sailors and their wives and children, urgently plead for additional support to meet increased cost of maintenance. Donations and Legacies are badly needed. Contributions may be sent to Messrs. Barelay & Co., Ltd., 54, Lombard Street, E.C., or to the Secretary, at the Hospital, Victoria Park, E.

GEORGE WATIS, Secretary.

"THE DUMB TAUGHT TO SPEAK."

Patrons: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
Treasurer: Lord ALDENHAM.

ROYAL SCHOOL FOR DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN, MARGATE.

(Founded in 1792 in Old Kent Road, London.)

377 Children Fed, Clothed,
and Educated. Bootmaking, Carpentry,
Printing, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Housewifery, and
Laundry Work taught, in addition to useful educational subjects.
Office: 93, Cannon St., London, E.C. FREDERIC H. MADDEN, Secretary.

SAVE THE CHILDREN!

The work of the largest maternity Hospital of the
kingdom claims the special support of the Country.
Last year over 4,000 patients were received into

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S HOSPITAL, MARYLEBONE,

or attended at home, including over 1,300 wives
of our soldiers and sailors.

**SUPPORT GREATLY NEEDED
WILL YOU HELP?**

EVERY AMATEUR
GARDENER SHOULD
READ

GARDENING MADE EASY

By E. T. COOK.
Price 1/6 Net; In Cloth, 2/-

Please write to-day for full particulars of this invaluable book and for illustrated prospectuses of some of the super-books in the "COUNTRY LIFE" Library, to The Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, Tavistock Street, W.C.

WALL & WATER GARDENS

With Chapters on the Rock Garden, the Heath Garden, and
the Paved Water Garden. By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

Large Octavo, Cloth, Gilt, containing 200 Illustrations, Plans and Diagrams and Beautifully
Coloured Frontispiece. Price 12/6 net; post free (inland), 13/-

Please write to-day for full particulars of this invaluable book and for illustrated
prospectuses of some of the super-books in the "COUNTRY LIFE" Library, to The Manager,
"COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, Tavistock Street, W.C.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge
FOR

CONSTIPATION Gastric and Intestinal Troubles TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.
Sold by all Chemists, 3/- a box.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLI.—No. 1062.

SATURDAY, MAY 12th, 1917.

PRICE SEVENPENCE, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



LALLIE CHARLES

LADY IRENE DENISON.

67, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: Lady Irene Denison</i>	461, 462
<i>How to Save Feeding Stuffs. (Leader)</i>	462
<i>Country Notes</i>	463
<i>Ordeal by Cold, by Isabel Butchart</i>	463
<i>My Garden, 1917, by Lottie Oppenheimer</i>	464
<i>Enlivening Agriculture: IV.—Organisation in East Suffolk</i>	465
<i>National Service and the Scottish Ploughing Season</i>	466
<i>The Left Flank of the Front, by H. C. Ferraby. (Illustrated)</i>	467
<i>The Family, by Alfred Ollivant, Author of "Gwd Bob," "The Brown Mare," etc.</i>	469
<i>White Runner Ducks. (Illustrated)</i>	470
<i>A Holiday in Umbria</i>	471
<i>Country Home: Hill Hall, Essex.—II, by H. Aray Tipping. (Illustrated)</i>	472
<i>Poultry Feeding Without Grain, by Will Hooley, F.Z.S.</i>	477
<i>Quail Shooting in the Libyan Desert, by Lieut.-Col. Scudamore Jarvis. (Illustrated)</i>	478
<i>The House of Smith, Elder, by the Editor of the "Cornhill Magazine"</i>	479
<i>Literature</i>	481
<i>The Borderland of Science (A. T. Schofield, M.D.).</i>	482
<i>Correspondence</i>	482
<i>Haricot Beans (S. F. Edge and Amy M. Snelling); Rice Instead of Flour; The Coming of the Swallows (Walter Thomson); Hunting; Wild Seeds for Pet Birds; Donkeys Draw the Plough (C. L. Layard); Women's Defence Relief Corps (C. A. Dawson Scott); Young Nettles as Food (Thos. Ratcliffe); Vermin in Dog's Coat; Common-Sense Pig-Keeping (Katharine Ollivant); The Dove Orchid (Captain E. du Boulay); The Thrush's Mouthful (Rev. E. H. Goddard); From the Sand Hills of Egypt (S. A. Brown); Rhododendron Honey (John Watson); A Curious Head-dress (H. L. Wright); The Union of Saxony and Poland (Ovedale Lambert).</i>	
<i>Town Houses of the XVIII Century: Lichfield House, 15, St. James's Square, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated)</i>	2*
<i>The Automobile World. (Illustrated)</i>	8*
<i>British Enterprise and Industry: Electric Heating in the House, etc. (Illustrated)</i>	12*
<i>The Rabbit Breeder's Troubles, by C. J. Davies</i>	16*
<i>Racing and Breeding Notes</i>	18*
<i>Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)</i>	20*
<i>From the Editor's Bookshelf</i>	22*
<i>Insurance</i>	24*
<i>War-Time Cooking, by Frances Keyser</i>	26*
<i>For Town and Country. (Illustrated)</i>	28*

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

* * We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed and no postage need be paid.

The War Office notifies that all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Rumania, neutral Countries in America, and the Dependencies of neutral European Countries in Africa should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2.

HOW TO SAVE FEEDING STUFFS

IT behoves farmers to consider in what way they can carry out the very practical and wise suggestion made by the Board of Agriculture in regard to economy in feeding stock. The first point is that no food should be given to the lower animals which can be utilised by man. Of course, such a rule has exceptions. It may be advisable to turn all pleasure horses out to grass and let them look out for themselves during the coming summer and autumn. They would get no real constitutional harm from that. But an animal which has to do hard work on the farm, that is to say in the production of food for human

beings, cannot be sustained altogether on grass or hay. It needs concentrated food, though perhaps in many cases it may be possible to diminish the quantity of oats and beans by a more liberal use of chaffed straw and hay. The English farmer working through centuries has formed a high idea of what a fatted animal should be. It is very doubtful if in any case it is a remunerative thing to lay on the last few stones of beef, which, as everyone knows, are the most expensive. Experiment proves that an animal goes through several distinct stages of growth. When young, if it has the bone and the framework, it increases swiftly in weight, given any sort of food as long as there is enough of it. Feeding, judged by the weight of flesh it produces, is then at its most profitable point. But after a while, depending largely upon the age of the animal, there comes an interruption to this speedy growth, and meat is produced at an increasing outlay in food. When the animal is approaching the "finished" condition it is far less profitable than before to lay on flesh, because each hundredweight of dried food produces less and less meat as the animal advances in age.

These simple principles are well understood among expert feeders, and if acted upon intelligently would undoubtedly meet the case set forth by Mr. Prothero. Owing to lack of freightage and also to the diminution of mill offals, due to the greater percentage of flour extracted from grain, there will be a serious falling off in the supply of feeding stuffs next autumn and winter. The plan suggested by the Board of Agriculture is that farmers should not try to "finish" their animals in pre-war style. They must only fatten them moderately and send them to market at an earlier period. At the present moment there are more living animals in Great Britain than ever have been before, and if the consumption of concentrated foods went on at the rate which was considered reasonable in peace times, there would very soon be a famine in the animal world. Therefore the cattle, as soon as the grazing is at all good, should be sent out to pasture. Unfortunately, the grass up to now has made very little progress. May has brought us many sunny days, but also cold north-easterly winds which have effectually checked the onward rush of vegetation. Still, the pastures will soon be at their best. Cake may be used, according to the Board of Agriculture, but it must be used judiciously.

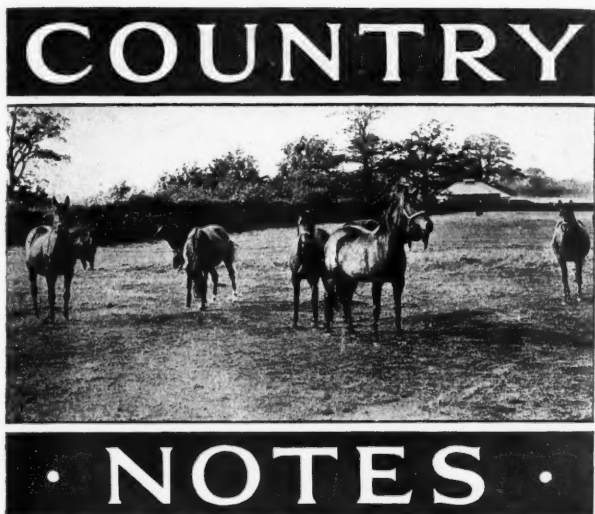
The farmer will have to give up the idea also of fattening his sheep. They must be sent to market leaner than before, and it would be very ill advised of anyone to keep a large head either of cattle or sheep beyond Christmas. That is looking a reasonable distance ahead. It gives the grazing farmer time and opportunity to lessen his stock without having to do so hurriedly and at a considerable sacrifice in price when food begins to fail for all alike. The farmer then will do well to conduct all his operations with a view to producing on the farm the maximum amount of food that it can produce for the consumption of his stock. It is an old way of going on and none the worse for that. The farmer will only revert to customs by which his ancestors made a comfortable livelihood. Then fat stock shows of every kind must be foregone. It is not only that to hold an exhibition involves a great tax on railways and other means of transport, but it fosters a rivalry in the production of fat beasts. Judges invariably like the fat, sleek, satin-coated animal better than the one which is gaunter and leaner.

These are very simple requirements as set forth by the Board, but attending to them will very greatly help to mitigate the rigours of the situation, even should no means be found of dealing effectually with the hostile submarine. We all hope and believe that the resources of the Navy will in time prove sufficient to cope with this development, but it is always best to err on the safe side, and by the exercise of a little foresight we may make the country practically independent for the time being of ship-borne food for stock.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the only daughter of the Earl of Londesborough, Lady Irene Denison, whose engagement to H.H. Prince Alexander, eldest son of H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, has recently been announced.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



AN unforgettable distinction was conferred on Mr. Balfour when at this great moment in the history of the world he was asked to address the House of Representatives at Washington. He did not fail to rise to the occasion. On a scene so memorable, it may be said of him as of King Charles on a more tragic occasion, "he nothing common did or mean." But he drew a picture in strong, bold lines of the conflict as he sees it. It is as America sees it too, because that is the reason for her coming in. The entry of the United States is a deliberate judgment on the rival merits of the two causes that are now being fought over. On one side, as Mr. Balfour said, a conspiracy was hatched and nursed and matured, not by one man nor by one generation of men, but by a long succession of rulers and leaders. They scarcely took the trouble to profess any interest in the progress of the world, but concentrated all their energy and attention on inducing their fellow-countrymen to share their own dreams of world power. Almost from the time of Frederick the Great, Prussia has cherished the ideal to which William Hohenzollern has tried to give realistic expression. But the union of the liberty-loving populations of the world to arrest and demolish this movement is proof enough that the vision was illusory and only lured the Germans on to their own destruction. The situation lends itself well to the calm, philosophic treatment which Mr. Balfour gave it, and we shall not be surprised to hear that the sentiments he expressed have found an echo and endorsement in the minds of his hearers.

WHILE France and Great Britain, like two sturdy hammerers at an anvil, are alternately fetching deadly strokes on the German front, it is becoming clear that Hindenburg clings with characteristic obstinacy to his notion that a decision favourable to Germany could be more easily obtained in the Eastern theatre of war. Probably he exaggerates the disorganisation incidental to so radical a change of government as that from Czardom to Democracy, and it cannot be denied that changing horses in the middle of a stream is a manœuvre that involves risk. The Governor of Petrograd has warned his countrymen that a hostile army is being assembled at Libau and will probably be landed at no distant date near the Russian capital with a view to taking it. To do so has been the ambition of the German Commander-in-Chief since the beginning of the war, and on the face of it the announcement made by General Korniloff does not look improbable. It is of the utmost importance that preparations should be made for dealing with this new peril. Germany is urgently in need of a triumph to set against her steady defeat in the West, and the seizure of Petrograd would give the Kaiser the excuse he wants for bell-ringing and glorification.

KING GEORGE has played his part well in the present war, and one of his most signal services to the country lies in that message on economy which was read in the churches last Sunday. The trouble of the moment is to get the need of frugality in the use of food brought vividly home to every nook and corner of the kingdom, but particularly to those classes who are prospering on account of the work provided for them by military needs. Very high wages are paid in the munition factories, not only to managers and others who are at the head of affairs, but even to young girls of

fifteen or sixteen, and ordinary workmen. The country does not grudge the wages, because it is certain that the war can only be brought to a close by a wholesale production of munitions, but people with command of an unusual amount of money naturally find it hard to understand the need of economy. They cannot believe in any real hardship as long as they have the wherewith to pay. It is a trite commonplace to assert that a banknote is not food, and that a man with his pocket full of gold might die of starvation if there were no food in the country. But to bring this truth home without the use of such force as would be needed for a system of rationing, is a very arduous task. The King has done his best to impress the lesson and his subjects will best show their gratitude by spreading abroad the message he has addressed to them.

DURING the course of the war Herr Maximilian Harden has proved himself the greatest of German journalists, and one of the greatest in the world. He brings to his critical task a detached mind, a brilliant wit, and a frankness all the more engaging on account of its place of origin. In one of his latest contributions to the *Zukunft*, he shows an appreciation of the position clearer than that propounded even by the newspapers of this country. For example, he has been one of the first to recognise that President Wilson's speech announcing the entry of the United States into the war will take its place beside the speeches of Demosthenes, Cicero, Pitt, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Bismarck and Gambetta. It stands out at once as the most manly and most eloquent deliverance of the war. Herr Harden has the courage to tell his countrymen how foolish they were to condemn the little British Expeditionary Force which was first sent to Belgium, and how they are repeating this error in trying to minimise the importance of America's accession to the forces of the Entente. Even the most sanguine of them must see now that neither Hindenburg nor any other has a prospect of obtaining a favourable issue for Germany at an early date, and if the United States have time enough to get ready, the end is as inevitable as the Day of Doom.

ORDEAL BY COLD.

Saved as by fire. For once the piercing pain
Of those four words hints light
And kindly warmth to you who stand
In piteous plight,
White-lipped and still, before this frozen land,
Who could not if you would turn back again.
What will you win by passing through to-day?
Why ask?—who have no choice,
Who needs must follow the mysterious voice
That sets your footsteps in this icy way,
Where snowdrifts roll
And dying winds lament.
And in the end, you say?
Ah, little, little! to you whose tired soul
Knows no high ecstasy or wild regrets—
Perhaps a stray sunbeam and the sudden scent
Of violets.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

FURTHER than that, the Editor of the *Zukunft* tells his countrymen that they are now "ringed round with Democracy." The fight has at length resolved itself into a contest between subjects of an absolute government and the free peoples. He tells them that in these circumstances the business of Germany is not to encourage shuttlecock and battledore between amateur diplomatists, but to set her house in order. The meaning of this must be clear to every understanding. Herr Harden pays the greatest tribute to President Wilson in showing that he has become converted to his point of view. He recognises that Democracy has come into its own and that autocratic government has ceased to be suitable to the age. The only way out for Germany is to follow the advice now given and get rid of the Hohenzollerns just as Russia has got rid of the Romanoffs. There need be no fear that undue advantage would be taken of a surrender which assumed this shape. The danger of Democracy would lie much more in its leaning towards leniency than to severity. Public opinion among the masses who sway such Governments as those of the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy is thoroughly convinced that the rulers of Germany and the military caste are responsible for the horrors of this war, and if these mighty ones were put down from their seats the people of Germany would be welcomed back to the comity of nations without any undue humiliation.

WE had occasion at the week-end to make some enquiry into the real state of affairs in a rather poor village where the supply of seed potatoes appeared at one time hopeless. Within the last fortnight or so, the prospect has been very much changed and improved. Many who had almost given up the prospect of growing potatoes this year have managed to pick up seed from one quarter or another, and the few who failed to do so have turned their ground to very good purpose. One man has sown his allotment with swedes. He remarked that he liked swedes as much as potatoes, and if he had plenty of turnips in the winter he could easily exchange them with those who have clamps full of potatoes. Others had gone in very largely for growing onions. Their method is to raise the seed under glass in spring, not, as might be thought, in greenhouses or purchased frames, but in home-made contrivances. The seed is sown in a box kept in a sheltered and warm corner till the seedlings appear, then they are forced on by placing over the box a piece of glass. Even this is not bought, as glass is very dear just now, but picked up somewhere or another. A good sized window pane serves the purpose excellently. The result is most satisfactory, as these spring-sown onions are just being planted out and are bigger and finer than those sown in the autumn and wintered in the open. Last year one of the villagers set the example by growing onions some of which weighed nearly a pound, and of course this practical lesson was not lost sight of by those who have had the scarcity of food brought home to them in a most direct and telling manner.

PARSNIPS have not been sown so freely as they might have been because of the scarcity of seed. It has not been procurable in the little village shops or at the adjacent small town. But the cottager does not look upon the parsnip as a very interesting or appetising vegetable. He is much fonder of the carrot, and the latter, from the housekeeper's point of view, is by far the more useful vegetable of the two. Before it has grown as thick as your little finger it becomes excellent for soups and in salads. It keeps easily in winter, and nothing will persuade the labouring man that it is not one of the most nutritive of all vegetables. Among cabbage, Brussels sprouts easily hold the first place; cauliflowers and broccoli are looked upon as luxuries. Broad beans have been pretty freely sown, but the cottager appears to think with Professor Keble that peas occupy too much room for the foodstuff they yield. Scarlet runners and dwarf French beans are more in favour. The gardens are very full, and if this particular village is typical of others in the country the rural population will be pretty independent of the greengrocer's shop for the next twelve months.

A LEAFLET which has just been issued by the Board of Agriculture will cause many people to read with fresh interest the article on runner ducks which we publish in another part of to-day's paper. The Board of Agriculture, after urging farmers to ration their domestic animals very strictly, goes on to declare that no more poultry should be kept than can be maintained on scraps and waste food. It is added that a little tail corn may be given them, but they should not be fed on grain suitable for human consumption. Now the runner duck, according to our contributor, who speaks from practical experience, is a hardy, alert little creature that practically fends for itself. It picks up its food where it can find it, and makes very little demand upon its owner's larder. And then, even judged by the hen standard, it is a good layer, some of them producing as many as 230 eggs in the year. The runner duck, therefore, would appear to represent the very class of poultry which is most suitable for war work. At any rate, those who have access to a good piece of ground will find the runner duck a first-class substitute for the chicken in these times.

IT will be interesting to notice what effect is produced on the dog population by the new taxes. According to a well informed contemporary, Mr. Bonar Law's plan is to make the additional charge to anyone who has taken out a licence for one dog half a crown, thus making the licence cost ten shillings altogether. But whoever goes for a new licence will have to pay twenty shillings. That seems to be the favoured charge for a second dog also. No doubt the consequences to many a mongrel which is living on sufferance at the present moment will be death by drowning, as shooting is too expensive just now. But experience in the past seems to show that the total number of dogs is not readily diminished by heavy taxation. When the experiment was tried in the middle of last century, dogs increased in number but it was found that their owners were in the habit of forgetting to take

out a licence. It was said that only one dog out of four was paid for. Probably the collection of revenue from this source was not so well organised then as it is now. There can be very few dog owners at the present time who can possibly evade the tax, since the policeman, the post office, and the Inland Revenue officer are all more or less concerned in its collection.

COPPED HALL, Essex, which was reduced to bare ruined walls by fire on Sunday, will be found fully illustrated and described in the numbers of COUNTRY LIFE for October 20th and November 5th, 1910. It was a beautiful house about a century and a half old, with magnificent gardens and many treasures inside. It occupied the site of an old residence which had originally belonged to the priors of Waltham Abbey and was acquired by Henry VIII for one of his daughters. Some day it may be interesting to make a list of those fine English houses which have been destroyed by fire since we illustrated and described them. This list would show what inestimable treasures have been lost in the comparatively short space of time during which COUNTRY LIFE has kept the Calendar. If, however, there had been such a journal as ours, say, in the eighteenth century, it would have preserved records of still greater treasures. Fire is a formidable enemy of fine architecture in our own day, but it was far more formidable in the early part of the nineteenth century, in the eighteenth and in the preceding ages. Many and many a beautiful manor house has been not only wiped out of existence, but wiped out of memory, by it. We are glad that in future ages people will be able to find in our pages in picture and in print a record of the most beautiful houses that still remained in the late nineteenth and in the twentieth century.

MY GARDEN, 1917.

My garden is a paradise of luscious things to eat, The pungent green-topped turnip, and the juicy red-topped beet. Herbaceous borders are no more, but in their place you'll see, The feeding scarlet runner bean, the succulent green pea. And in the sunny *plaisance* fair, the perfumed onion grows, The leeks, and sprouts, and cabbages, and broccoli in rows. Whilst where the sweet pea rampant grew, potatoes thrive instead, And carrots wave their feathery heads in each and every bed. The fragrant scent of strong manure upon the soft night air Is gently wafted to and fro—I smell it everywhere. The greenhouse, where in days gone by the tender orchid grew, Has nothing but tomatoes red and cucumbers on view, And where I once dreamed love's romance among the roses sweet, I now have but a single thought, and that is "What to eat."

LOTTIE OPPENHEIMER.

SENATOR HALE'S suggestion that German prisoners of war should be taken over from both Great Britain and France to America, is very well meant, but would not be so advantageous as some people think. For example, a contemporary commentator describes these prisoners as "a drain on our food resources." They are nothing of the kind in France, but, as a matter of fact, are kept hard at work on the fields providing food for the French people and for themselves. There is no adequate reason, in spite of all the red tape excuses of the military authorities, why they should not do the same thing in England. As a matter of fact, they are employed in navy work, in forestry, and to a small extent in agriculture. Instead of thinking of transporting them to the United States, it would be far better to provide work, and plenty of it, for each pair of hands in this country. A sturdy German prisoner can do a great deal more than work for his own food.

IN the rush of events it almost escaped notice this year that there was no Academy Banquet and, therefore, none of the speeches which are usually delivered at it. The Academy Banquet was almost as politically important as the Guildhall Banquet, although the most memorable messages from leading statesmen to the nation have been delivered in the City. The Academy Banquet, on the other hand, has been more remarkable for finished oratory. Every great political speaker has in his turn been heard at it, and the Prime Minister of the day used generally to have some tit-bit of policy saved up for that important event. But just at the present moment the country has deeper interest than either rhetoric or paint, and it has allowed the occasion to pass uncelebrated without protest or regret.

ENLIVENING AGRICULTURE

IV.—ORGANISATION IN EAST SUFFOLK.

SILLY SUFFOLK. Selig Suffolk. Happy Suffolk! Before the war there was no more popular resort for sport or pastime, pleasure or profit. The individuality of it stands out in the number of purely local products for which it is famed. They range from sheep to partridge shooting, from Suffolk punches to Suffolk dumplings and Suffolk home-brewed. But the war has found out the weak places here as elsewhere. Agriculture flourished in these parts before the Great Depression, and in the greatly prospering sixties and seventies of last century many a man fulfilled an ambition of his childhood by purchasing a farm that he might sit under his own vine and fig tree or their East Anglian equivalents. But the depression passed like a blasting East wind over the land and farmers and owners alike withered at its coming. Old families parted with their estates, old farmers who had been on the same place for generations had to give up. At sales land often failed to bring the cost of the farm buildings that stood on it; rents, following the loss of profits, thinned to the vanishing point. Things were improving again before the war broke out, but, as a whole, agriculture lagged far behind what it had been just after the Franco-Prussian War. Indeed, the immediate problem of East Suffolk is to raise production to its old level. Authorities vary in their estimate of what is possible. Of one district it has been declared that an increase in food production of 75 per cent. could be achieved with improved farming. A more sober estimate is 50 per cent., and Mr. Clement A. Smith, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Agricultural Committee, speaking very conservatively, said to me that if you took all farms the margin of improvement ought to be at least 25 per cent.—but the Agricultural organiser stuck to 50 per cent. Without discussing which is likely to be nearer the mark, let us turn to what is being done.

As a preliminary, let it be noted that the policy we are going to consider is a policy of farmers for farmers. Of the eight members of the Executive Committee all are farmers, with the nominal exception of a land agent, and for our purpose a land agent and a farmer are one. The members of the Executive Committee have been chosen because they are the pick of the farmers of East Suffolk. For chairman they have Mr. Clement A. Smith, who is not only a farmer himself, but was born to the business, his father being a great farmer of his day who ran six considerable tenancies at once. Mr. Smith himself farms eight hundred acres near Felixstowe, and is known far and wide as Chairman of the Managing Committee of that most successful organisation, the Eastern Farmers' Co-operative Society. Among the others are light land farmers and heavy land farmers and mixed land farmers, but the primary qualification is that each is good at his own job, which is cultivating the soil. Further, the county is divided into ten districts and each member of a District Committee is a farmer.

The distinction between heavy and light land arises from a natural division of the county. Roughly speaking, the Great Eastern Railway, running from Brantham to Ipswich, Woodbridge, Saxmundham, Halesworth and Yarmouth, may be taken as the dividing line. The land stretching, inward from such well known points of the seaside as Aldeburgh, Dunwich, Southwold and Lowestoft, has often been described in our pages. It is sandy heath, such as there is at Methwold. The scene of Dr. Edwards' Suffolk experiments is included within the district. Some of this light land bore very good crops before the depression set in, and some continues to do so. But the general character of this part of the county is no better than that of the Norfolk heath lands. Many fields and some farms on which good crops were carried before the days of the depression have now fallen back into their original wildness, while a considerable quantity of the land remains what it was at the beginning of time. It is beautiful with bracken and heath, but practically unproductive. The most useful purpose served by the light land half of East Suffolk is that it acts as a reservoir for sheep. Lambs in the early stages do well on the warm, dry soil and are ultimately purchased for fattening on the clay of high Suffolk. A thorough system of reclamation is the only adequate remedy for derelict and heath land. But the Committee, though interested in this question, wisely recognised that the immediate object of their existence was to increase the food supply during the war, and that at a time when labour could scarcely be procured for the fields

already in cultivation it would not be prudent to tackle the problem of the waste.

On the other or western side of the county a very different problem has to be dealt with. Here the land is mostly heavy. There is not much scope for adding to the ploughland because, according to the official returns of the Board of Agriculture, 75 per cent. of the land under cultivation is already under the plough. But the wheatlands here as elsewhere were very much neglected during the years when anything above 25s. a quarter was considered an extra price for wheat. On heavy clay this cereal could not be produced at the money, and so the farms fell away from the high standard they had previously maintained. To bring them back to their original productiveness is the most important method of increasing the food supply.

In order to show what steps the Executive Committee have taken, it may be as well to begin with the county unit, which is the village. There is an excellent little handbill posted about the villages, which brings the policy within the compass of three sentences:

Grow all you can.
Work all you can.
Save all you can.

To carry out this little "Win the War Committees" were formed, some of which have done a vast amount of good by stimulating the villages to make the most of their gardens and allotments and by advising and helping where the worker and breadwinner happens to be at the war. A very good scheme for distributing seed potatoes appears to have adequately met the demands of the cottagers. We move upward from the village organisation to the District Sub-Committee. This, like the Executive Committee, is composed of farmers, and upon it devolved the task of reporting upon such holdings as were not adequately cultivated, a work in which they were very much assisted by members of the Suffolk Valuers' Association. Here begins the policy which Mr. Smith and his colleagues are endeavouring to carry out on a grand scale. That is the policy of increasing by intensive cultivation the productivity of the soil. Nothing could illustrate the sort of work done better than an epitome of the report of one of their meetings. We take that of the Woodbridge District Agricultural Committee as an example. It is instructive, not only in regard to the methods pursued in East Suffolk, but by reason of the light it throws on the cultivation of small holdings. These have not reacted well to the hard test to which they have been subjected by the war. The reader who happens to have studied to some extent agricultural history will be reminded of the periodical reviews which abbeyes and other ecclesiastical organisations were accustomed to make of their land and tenantry. We will number the cases by letters, as it is not our desire to hold up either a district or an individual to reproach:

(a) A sixty-five acre occupation, some of which required better cultivation. The Committee decided not to interfere as it was said that the man was doing his best.

(b) A farm of eighty-two acres, described as being in a terrible state, and draining necessary before it could be cultivated. A suggestion was adopted that the Executive should try to find an adjoining farmer to farm it.

(c) A farm of eighty-three acres. It was reported on this that the occupier might do better as weather improved, and the matter was left over for the time being, with instructions that a member of the Committee should examine and report upon it later.

(d) An occupation of twenty-seven acres hopelessly derelict. After discussion the Committee decided to recommend that the land be offered to an adjoining tenant on condition that it was brought into cultivation.

(e) A farm of forty-eight acres in a very foul state. It grew great crops of corn once, but now urgently needed draining. It was decided to summon the occupier and owner before the Executive Committee.

(f) A farm of forty-three acres, needs draining, owner inexperienced and without capital. Owner and occupier to be summoned before Executive Committee.

(g) Farm of 183 acres, owner doing his best but not practical. Occupier summoned before Executive Committee.

(h) Farm of sixty acres, owner doing his best but not practical. Occupier summoned before Executive Committee.

Small holders have been placed in a difficult position this year. Weather conditions were aptly illustrated by the statement of one that he had begun to plough a certain field last November and a storm coming on and interrupting the operation, the plough remained fixed in its position until April. The only way out when a long, bad season is followed

by a sunny interval is to put every possible man to work so as to catch up the arrears, and this the man short of capital cannot do.

Working upward, we now come to the Executive Committee itself and its efforts towards the intensification of agricultural method. The number of farms was considerable about which defective cultivation was reported. The plan followed by the Committee was that of peaceful persuasion wherever this was practicable. The total number of farms dealt with and a summary of the treatment meted out will show the working better than any mere description. In fourteen farms arrangements were made locally to the satisfaction of the District Committee, and no further action by the Committee has been necessary. In forty-two farms the tenants were ordered to perform certain operations under the powers vested in the Executive Committee. In many of these cases further inspections will be made by the District Committee in order to see that these mandates have been obeyed. On six farms the cultivation has been so extremely unsatisfactory that it has been necessary for the Committee to take drastic steps. Either the Committee has taken possession or the Board of Agriculture has been asked to terminate the tenancy. This leaves twenty-seven farms which have been considered, but in respect of which final action has not yet been determined upon. These facts afford the most eloquent testimony to the energy of the Committee.

Finally, a word must be said about the three essentials to good farming which the Committee has found wanting. On the first, little comment need be made, namely, the lack of labour. This drawback has taken the same shape here as in other parts of the country and has been met in very much the same way: help of the military, utilisation of women's services, and so on. The report about machinery is not very satisfactory, as the tractors do not seem to have worked well on the heavy clay. The second lack is that of drainage. Water-logged land is extremely difficult to deal with, and draining in Suffolk, as in the rest of England, has been greatly neglected for many years past. The plan adopted is not peculiar to the one county, but is not as well known as it might be to other clay districts throughout England. It is that of mole-drainage. The land is ploughed in small strips, each stitch being from 10ft. to 15ft. in breadth, with a broad furrow at the side. Down this broad furrow the mole-plough makes its underground drain for carrying off the water. The plan works very well on the stiff clay, and mole-draining often lasts for fifteen years or more. In an ordinary season it leaves a fine tilth, as the land is well exposed to the atmosphere and kept dry. The third drawback was scarcity of manure. The farmers were urged, and more than urged, to make a free use of chemical manures. Enquiry at an early stage showed that the phosphatic manures available had already been sold, but there were considerable supplies of sulphate of ammonia, mainly in the North of England. The Committee then decided to buy 200 tons of sulphate of ammonia and set the District Committees to canvas all farmers in their area in order to get them to use the manure. A leaflet by the Executive Officer was written and circulated at the same time. By this means no less than 694 tons, 16cwt. of sulphate of ammonia have been sold in the county at £16 2s. 6d. per ton. It is estimated that if the season should be an average one, the result ought to show an increased production of corn amounting to 1,700 tons.

P.

NATIONAL SERVICE AND THE SCOTTISH PLOUGHING SEASON

ROUGHLY speaking, the present is a dividing interval between two busy seasons in agriculture. The first begins in autumn and goes on till the potatoes are planted. It may fairly be called the ploughing season. Following it comes what for the purpose of this article we may term the "weeding season," using the phrase with the qualification that all farm work in May, June and July is not weeding, just as all previous farm work was not ploughing. But approximately the terms will serve—skilled hands are needed for the one, willing hands of all sorts can be utilised for the other. Scotland as a whole was very effectively helped through the ploughing season with the aid of the National Service organised by Mr. Harling Turner. A potato grower in the West explains the situation as his own farm was affected, and his case may be taken as typical of many others. He began the agricultural year with a great lack of skilled labourers, and skilled labourers are, of course, essential to the business of preparing and planting the ground. This farmer grows 200 acres of early potatoes and uses 25,000 chitting boxes in preparation.

In order to obtain the strong green sprouts which the skilled potato grower prizes so much, the seed should be placed in the boxes late in autumn or at the beginning of winter. These boxes, especially in such a year as we have gone through, demand the most careful attention, first in the way of guarding against such frosts as have been experienced, and secondly in turning the potatoes so that each set may receive its due share of light and sunshine. On the care with which all this is done ultimate success depends, just as much as upon the tilth produced on the fields by ploughing and other cultivation. The difference produced by having an agriculturist directing the choice of soldiers, who formed the major part of the labour, was that really skilled men only were sent, men who had not to learn the trade, but had been at it before being called to the Army. It will be remembered that when Mr. Chamberlain inaugurated National Service, we pointed out the great need there was of doing speedily whatever was to be done. As far as England was concerned, there was not much evidence given of hustling, but that really mattered less in the particular weather, because it was absolutely impossible to get on with husbandry during the inclement March and April, when the farmer usually is at his busiest. It was especially difficult to obtain skilled men, because those who had not joined the Army were already either on the farms or had left agricultural work for the more lucrative job of munition making. The volunteers who answered the earlier calls of National Service, again, were in very few cases suitable for farm work of the kind then wanted. The choice thus became limited to German prisoners and military labour. The difficulties made by the military authorities hindered the employment of the former, although a few are now working both in plantations and on the fields, and are doing exceedingly well. But the standby of the farmer was found to lie in military labour. As far as Scotland was concerned, General Taggart agreed at a very early stage to have skilled ploughmen sorted out and sent to the farms, and when the frost broke this was done.

On Saturday, February 24th, there had already been released in Scotland 200 soldiers who were represented as being skilled ploughmen, and they were distributed by the National Service Department in the districts where they were most likely to have an effect in increasing food production. About this the Scottish Board of Agriculture was consulted, as it was felt that the aim should not be merely to help individual farmers, but to keep the men working where the soil was likely to give the best results. This little band of 200 had by the middle of April grown into an army of 2,226 men scattered over the agricultural districts of Scotland. Of course, in Scotland, as in this country, farmers were very prompt to detect such of the soldiers as had represented themselves as being skilled farm labourers, when really their connection with the land had been extremely slight. Such men were returned and, in most cases, replaced. The finding of men for motor ploughs appears to have been more successful in Scotland than in the South. In spite of all that was said and done, there are several counties in which the amount of motor ploughing done this season has been negligible. We may instance Middlesex and East Suffolk as cases in point. In Scotland, men of the Motor Transport Section were trained to drive motor tractors for ploughing, and more difficulty was found in finding tractors for the Motor Transport men to drive than in finding the men themselves. The Motor Transport Section in Scotland has pledged itself to man every tractor that the Scottish Board of Agriculture can obtain as it becomes available; but the number actually used in ploughing does not seem to have been very large. There were twenty-four working in Scotland in April.

There were established at six depôts in Scotland agricultural companies of soldiers of the C3 class. These men were not skilled, but it was found possible to give them some training, and they will be fit to do some work later. A certain number of civilian labourers were obtained through an appeal in the newspapers for men who had been in early life agricultural labourers. The Corporation of Glasgow took this up in a fine spirit and passed a resolution to put at the disposal of the National Service Department all the men skilled in agriculture who are at present in their service and who could be spared. As a first contribution they sent a list of 84 employes who were prepared to start at once and who have already been allocated to the farms. Glasgow's good example has been followed by other Local Authorities both in Scotland and in England, and a fair supply of labour is being obtained from this source. The National Register also proved of use, as from it was learned the fact that 50,000 persons stated that they had a knowledge of agriculture in addition to the trade in which they were engaged. The following summary was drawn up on April 15th: "The returns to date for Scotland are, in approximate figures, 2,225—lent Army labour on furlough; 150 from Agricultural Companies; 850 soldiers specially applied for and now on the land, and over 200 who have been on the land for some time past. In addition there are at work over 200 employes of Corporations and others—in all about 3,450 Volunteers."

Almost on the same date Mr. Munro, the Scottish Secretary, speaking at an important conference in Edinburgh of the Scottish Food Production Committees, said that 53,000 additional acres of land had been broken up this year. In one county alone, the County of Fife, there were over 5,000 additional acres seeded this year as compared with last year. This is a very good and satisfactory record for Scotland.

THE LEFT FLANK OF THE FRONT

By H. C. FERRABY.

The Western Front. Part V.—The Work of the Grand Fleet.
Drawings by Muirhead Bone. (Published by Authority from the Offices of COUNTRY LIFE, Limited, and George Newnes, Limited, 2s. net.)

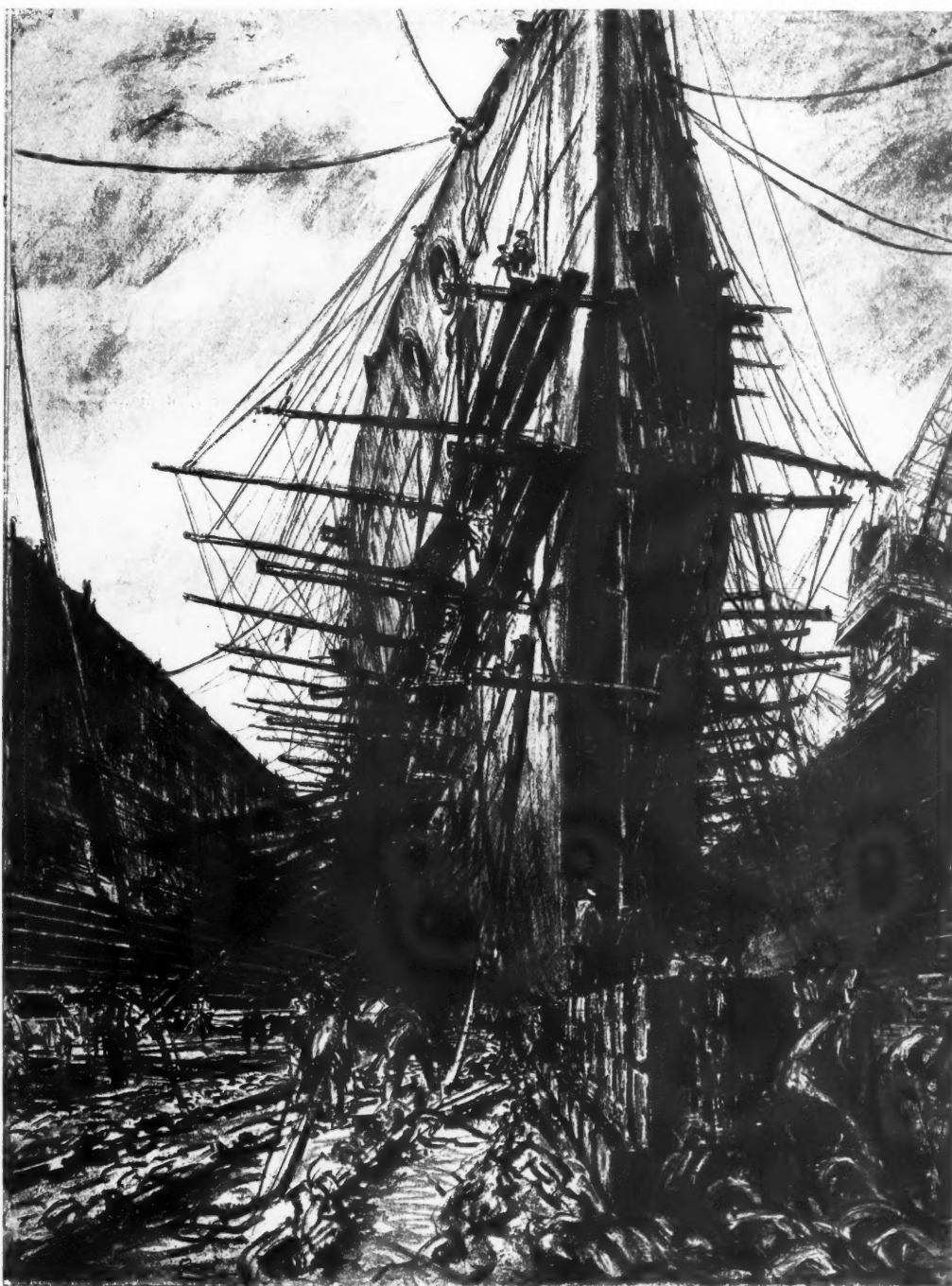
NO appreciation of the work of Britain in the war could be complete that omitted to take into account the part played by the Fleet in maintaining the armies in the field. Mr. Muirhead Bone has not been blind to this, and in his series of drawings of "The Western Front" he now shows us what has been aptly described as "the left flank of the Front," the Fleet which has covered, since the very opening of hostilities, every flank of the widely scattered Empire.

But he has also done something more. Dozens of artists have drawn ships. Mr. Bone has interpreted them. It is customary to say that the modern steel, steam-driven vessel is a thing of ugliness, to bewail the passing of the picturesque masts and yards, to praise any age but our own. In actual fact, the modern ship of war is a thing of very great beauty, properly seen. At the Academy this year Mr. W. L. Wyllie has a picture of the battle-cruisers cheering ships after the Dogger Bank action, which is full of power and beauty, and in which the dreadnought era ship comes into its own at last in academic art. In the same way Mr. Bone, though his drawings contain no full-length portraits of ships, shows with great interpretative skill the beauty of force, which is the chief characteristic in every part of the modern warship.

Those to whom the warship means only something squat, menacing and stolid, for example, will be surprised by the drawing of the *Lion* in dry dock. The grace of the giant battle-cruiser's lines is not exceeded by a racing yacht. The suggestion of speed conveyed by her sharp bows as she stands here out of her natural element is very finely rendered. The whole structure of her is as graceful as that of a swan. Then contrast it with "On a Battle Cruiser (H.M.S. *Lion*)." There is menace enough in these firm masses; menace of engine power in the elliptical funnel with its cover against aerial

attack; menace of gun-power in the half-shown barrel of the 12in. piece; menace of defensive power in the solid armour of the turret. And withal the thing is beautiful with the beauty of a thunderstorm rolling up from the west. Mr. Bone has realised, as many painters have yet to realise, that beauty and prettiness are poles apart.

He has achieved much the same effect in "On a Battleship in the Forth." It is a slight sketch, but I have never seen a photograph of a gun-turret that gave quite the same impression of thickness and resistance as is given to these half-a-dozen happily drawn lines by Mr. Bone. And therein I think is the secret of his success with these naval drawings—that he does not reproduce but interprets what he sees. No flashlight photograph could ever convey that feeling of compression, the heavy roof crushed down on the heads of the men in the turret, the massive weight of the gun, the insignificance



H.M.S. "LION" IN DRY DOCK.

The great hull we see here has seen more battling in the present war than any other of our "capital" ships. Officially "sunk" by the Germans, she will yet prove a troublesome ghost to them. In the foreground the dockyard workers are busily surveying the ship's mighty cables for weakened or damaged links.

of man beside the monster that he created and now serves, which Mr. Bone has given in "Inside the Turret."

So again with "Boiler Room on a Battleship." The machine is mightier than its minders. I am not sure that Mr. Bone has not here a little idealised his subject. His boiler room is something suggestive of cathedral architecture. The iron plating of the floor has the appearance of a tessellated pavement. And even the cleanliness and ease of an oil-fired ship can hardly be compared to the silence and coolness of a Lincoln cathedral.

It is difficult to say which of the drawings most impresses for sheer beauty of line. Many people will choose "Approaching a Battleship at Night," but my personal choice is "On a Battleship: The After-Deck" (though, in parentheses, the editor rouses my ire here, as in other places, by using the forbidden preposition "on.") One lives and works in a battleship as in a house or a factory and not on it). This particular drawing has a most appealing rhythm. As a piece of pure decoration it is a gem, and as a representation of the atmosphere in which the seaman of to-day lives it is excellent. "On a Battleship: A Gun Turret" is less happy. The line is blurred, the drawing of the gun weak and lacking in what one eminent art critic is fond of describing as "the atmospheric ambient." The two figures in the distance are a concession to a sentimental convention—and look as if they felt like it.

The "box of mechanical tricks" aspect of the modern warship could only appeal to the æsthetic sense of an artist of intensely modern feeling. The man to whom the traditions of beauty of the Quattrocento or of the Dutch school are the only guiding stars of art must fail to perceive the unlimited decorative possibilities of the engineering world. Mr. Pennell in his factory etchings, Mr. Brangwyn in his dockyard drawings, and one or two of the younger members of the



A BOILER ROOM ON A BATTLESHIP.

The vessel is oil-driven, so the stokehold is remarkably cool. The stokers seem few in proportion to the size of the place, but are experts of a higher class than coal furnaces required.



INSIDE THE TURRET.

Interior of a big gun turret on a battleship, with the crew at their stations. The breech of the gun is open, and looks gigantic in this confined space, where every inch is made to serve some purpose.

New English Art Club, have broken away from the doctrine that only trees and colonnades and hilltops can form a rhythmic pattern. To their terrestrial achievements we can now add Mr. Bone's nautical success. Take the two plates in this book, "Oiling" and "The Fo'c'sle of a Battleship." Every item of them is rank with modernity—funnels, searchlights, davits, cranes, wireless aerials, armour plate, steel ladders and ventilator cowls. There is no hint here of the masts and spars era, unless it be that the steel guy ropes recall the hempen tackle. Yet both pictures please and satisfy. Each is a pattern perfectly proportioned, and, most important of all, each is a reflex of real life. The most carefully reconstructed composition of the wooden walls can never be that.

The picture of a battleship taking in oil fuel at sea is extraordinarily interesting to the naval student, and Mr. Bone has subtly emphasised its significance. Search the picture high and low and you will find no sign anywhere of the way the oil is transferred from the tanker to the warship. Everyone has seen pictures of "coaling ship," the toiling, grimy ship's company in lighters loading bags, that run aloft on tackle and are hurried by never ceasing gangs of other toiling, grimy men to the little chutes. Oil transfers itself. Silently, unseen, almost unnoticed by anyone on board, the fuel flows in like heart's blood driven to the arteries. So it is in Mr. Bone's drawing. The men on the bridge and on deck proceed on their ordinary avocations. There is no piping "all hands" to oil ship.

Again, in the other drawing to which I have referred, Mr. Bone has indicated with infinite cunning an aspect of battleship life that always strikes the outside observer, but that most of us would be hard driven to describe. It is that orderly disarray that seems to accompany the execution of any evolution on board ship. The unyielding fixity of a military evolution has no counterpart among the men of

the Fleet. They are elastic. It would lead me too far into a consideration of the conditions of life afloat from the earliest days to explain this, but it may be clearly seen in the hurrying, deftly indicated figures in Mr. Bone's drawing.

That same deftness has stood him in good stead in "A Line of Destroyers." He has caught with great subtlety in a couple of strokes the all-pervading atmosphere of liteness. The destroyer is a steel greyhound, and it is precisely

THE FAMILY

THE little family at the corner-shop on the hill, just under the village-green, sums up in itself the nation at War; and, still more, as I like to think, the spirit of the nation as it will arise from the tomb after the long night of this our Calvary.

Mr. Frewen is a butcher. A solid man with a fair pointed beard and a great scimitar nose, he has quiet eyes, a quiet voice, a quiet manner. I know no man who gives me a greater impression of simplicity, sincerity, and strength. His roots are deep in earth and spirit. Whether he goes to church or chapel on Sunday, or stays at home with his pipe and his spaniel dog, I do not know and have never asked. But that he is a Christian, although maybe of that perhaps most satisfactory type of all—the unconscious—I am assured. And he has handed on the deep and tranquil joy that is in him to his brood.

The family is a large one. Mrs. Frewen is, perhaps, her husband's age; a power ever present but rarely seen. Then there is the comely daughter of fifteen with her father's nose, her father's eyes, her father's calm and benignant air, who whenever I see her makes me think—Happy the children who in the days to come call Evelyn Frewen mother! Next comes the moon-faced Priscilla, who is ten, and has so prim a way of saying her little good-morning as almost to make you smile. A first-rate business woman she, quietly aware of her qualities. Her function it is to come round every morning for orders before she goes to school. With her comes Fanny, who lacks as yet her elder sister's *savoir-faire* and admitted capacity. Fanny is six, shy and charming as a field-mouse. Her legs are bare, and as she passes she peeps at you swiftly and as swiftly hides her eyes when she finds she has been discovered. In the days to come Priscilla will manage my business and me, keep my accounts, and make my will. But it is Fanny I shall marry. Priscilla no doubt will arrange the affair, and, I suspect, keep house for us. And last there is a glorious little Englishman of four, fair and strong, with the limbs of an infant Hercules, who delights to play his man's part in the battle. Him I see sallying forth from the shop, a basket big as himself over his arm, an air of portentous responsibility on his face, as he carries a chop or pound of steak to the neighbour across the way, his mother watching from the steps with smiling eyes.

I have just said that John was the last of the family of Mr. Frewen, but I was clearly wrong. There are the goats, of which I have written elsewhere. More aggressive than the goats, if also far more efficient, is the large—the quite unnecessarily large—lemon and white spaniel upon a chain in the back yard. He has sulphurous eyes; and I will tell you frankly that if I despise the goats I fear that spaniel. He is plump, and I have reason to believe him to be immoral. And somehow I cannot abide a fat sinner.

At present, for reasons of my own, I take my walks abroad on crutches. The limit of my journeyings is Mr. Frewen's shop. When I peep into the yard Brimstone tears at his chain and slobbers at the mouth in his fury. Never surely was such



"OILING": A BATTLESHIP TAKING IN OIL FUEL AT SEA.

Viewed from the bridge. A large oil "tanker" is alongside. Unseen, but very fast, the oil is running into the battleship. How great a boon this new fuel is can be understood, at any rate partly, by those who have endured the coaling of a great ship in the old way. The scene shown in the drawing was animated by the changeful gleam of the gay signal flags flapping in the foreground and by the flashing of the wings of innumerable hungry gulls.

of greyhounds straining at the leash that one thinks of when looking at this sketch.

Mr. Bone has done the Fleet a great service in bringing it thus intimately to the knowledge of the landmen. And in honouring the Fleet he has done honour to himself and to his art. The drawings here reproduced will rank for all time among the world's greatest treasures in nautical art.

a Prussian of a spaniel! I try to deceive myself into thinking that it is my crutches and not I he so cordially detests. The point will, of course, be settled beyond dispute on the day he breaks his chain.

Then there are the ponies; and let me say, here and now, lest you should conceive of me as a misanthrope, that I have no quarrel with the ponies. There are two of them, Bess and Billy. Bess is the mother of Billy; and because of that fact she is the elder of the pair and shows it. She is grey, while he is black. Billy, in fact, has the advantage over his mother in every way. He is not only younger, but he is bigger and better looking, and I think he likes to let his mother know it. For that reason or another he is very happy. As yet he has not lost his illusions and this, too, maintains his joy of heart. Poor Bess, on the other hand, is manifestly a disappointed woman—I do not know why. She has had everything that most women desire—a husband, who left her; and a son who stays at home. Materially, too, she is well off. I think myself she was socially ambitious, and wished to be a polo pony and prance at Ranelagh between the legs of the heir to a dukedom. Dragging a butcher's cart has soured her spirit instead of purging it, as one would have wished. I see her always in a bonnet and widow's weeds on the way to chapel; while young Bill lolls insolently against the wall and puffs a cigarette in his patient mother's face.

Once I asked Evelyn Frewen which of the two ponies she liked best.

"Billy," she answered, without hesitation. "We all do." I thought the remark rather hard on Bess, who was present at the interview.

To Evelyn's happy lot falls the driving of her favourite. The two carts start out for the day's work much at the same

time. Mr. Frewen, in his blue apron, a slouch hat on his head, and a pipe in his mouth, goes down the hill for the long round through Haslemere, past Squire Drake's park, and home by way of Forty Green; while Evelyn Frewen makes up the hill for the short round through the village.

And I know no more romantic figure than that of this fifteen-year-old girl, sitting aloft in her scarlet coat, her fair pigtail streaming down between her shoulders, as she tools along under the elms across the green with loose yet masterful rein. But that she is driving a butcher's cart you might well take her for the daughter of the Squire and fancy you were watching a scene out of a novel by Trollope. Of afternoons she is always in the shop. And even when she stands behind the counter, chopper in hand, mincing raw meat on the block, there is still about her an atmosphere of quite ineffable dignity and charm. I can well imagine now the Venus of Milo performing the same somewhat carnal task so spiritually as to make it beautiful.

Later, as I go for my stroll before supper, I shall find Evelyn leading the youthful Billy down the lane to water him at the pond, in which Mr. Frewen, standing over the ankles in his great leather boots, swills down the cart.

Priscilla and Fanny are coaxing the embittered Bess into her shed after the day's work; little John is struggling to loose Brimstone for his evening scamper; while Mrs. Frewen bows her fair head over the accounts in the tiny office in the shop. They are all so good, so busy, and so happy. Indeed, there are no drones in England now. And the dreams of the prophets and reformers have come true at last, but in how strange and terrible a guise.

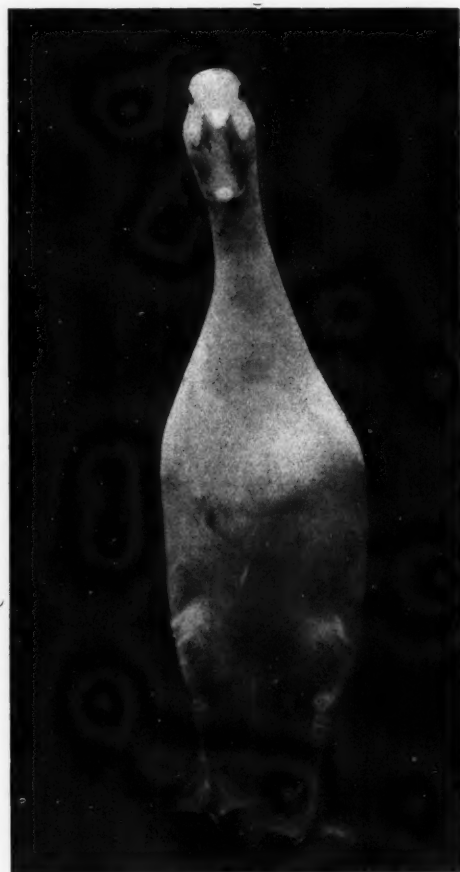
Of a truth we slow English folk are learning at last, if only of necessity, and in the school of pain. And what we are learning is something of the Spirit of the Hive. ALFRED OLLIVANT.

WHITE RUNNER DUCKS

IN these days of practical utility it is interesting to note the headway made by the lighter breeds of essentially egg-laying ducks; more especially the white runner. The runner, misnamed Indian because it originated in the Island of the Netherlands, East Indies, now includes various colours—the fawn and white, pure white, black, blue and pencilled; and though it might be inferred that the white would be subject to weakness when line bred for heavy egg yield, such is not the case so far, and if the advice of the U.D.C. is carefully followed, there need be little fear of inherent weakness and consequent deterioration occurring.

The specimen shown together with a whole flock have never been housed since they were hatched, successfully

weathering the severe spring of 1916 and winter of 1916-17 with no other shelter than that afforded by a walled kitchen garden in the West of England. Such a severe test naturally weeded out the weaklings right from the first severe frost and snows, and the remainder showed no ill effects since. In fact the eggs are fertilised on land without swimming water. The percentage of infertiles



A. E. Passmore. A TYPICAL BIRD. Copyright.



A. E. Passmore. A RUNNER DRAKE.

Copyright.

has never exceeded 5 per cent. when three ducks are mated to one drake, hatching January to June and September to November. These results are excellent when the great number of eggs produced is considered, and shows the advantage of maintaining highly bred stock under natural hardening conditions.

Doubtless many of the diseases fowls are subject to, more especially roup and complaints of that class, are contracted by being too closely confined, or through draughty houses. Ducks appear immune from most of the diseases hens are heir to.

In estimating the future relative position of egg producers, hens and ducks, it must be borne in mind that a duck egg averages three ounces against a two-ounce hen egg; so that even if, as a result of egg recording, flocks of each lay a flock average of 200 eggs per bird per annum, the duck has the hen beaten by one-third weight of the total number of eggs produced: 25lb. of hen eggs at 2d. each, rs. 4d. per lb., against 37½lb. of duck eggs at 2d. each. The flavour of both being alike and controlled by the food fed. The public will realise the advantage of buying duck eggs for consumption, thereby saving 12lb. of new laid eggs per 200 and creating an unprecedented demand for duck eggs, possibly to the exclusion of hen eggs. The natural prolificacy of the duck coupled with its preference for a moist climate make it an ideal subject for egg culture in these islands, and doubtless there is a very great future for it.

In countries with dry climates hens are kept intensively in flocks numbering thousands. This system has been proved impracticable here, but there does not appear to be any reasons why ducks for egg production should not be so kept, allowing them ample range for foraging when they would obtain a very large percentage of their natural food for six months in the year, thus reducing food costs.

Another important reason why ducks bred to lay should be encouraged is the fact that, with Government guaranteed prices for corn extending over a number of years, it is obvious that our rulers anticipate a shortage during those years and it therefore becomes imperative that corn consumers (other than human) should, where possible, give place to offal eaters in preference; for ducks, milling and brewers' offals, dry meat or fish meal, horseflesh, surplus sea catches, together with vegetable products, being all that is necessary. The birds from which the photographs for this article were taken are Taylor's White Runners.

A HOLIDAY IN UMBRIA

A Holiday in Umbria, with an Account of Urbino and the Cortegiano of Castiglione, by Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, Bart., R.A. (Murray, ros. 6d.)

THE romantic district of Central Italy known as Umbria has long been the favourite hunting ground of English travellers and art lovers, and seems to have an especial attraction for our illustrious Academicians. Leighton used always to say that Umbria was the fairest part of Italy and that in his opinion her school of painters surpassed all others. Sir William Richmond, we know, has visited and painted every corner of Umbria during the last fifty years. And now the distinguished architect Sir Thomas Graham Jackson gives us his recollections of holiday travels in these regions in 1880 and 1888. Strictly speaking, his book is not concerned with Umbria proper—the province which has Perugia for its chief town and embraces the great Franciscan sanctuary of Assisi—but with Romagna and the Marches, the

cities of Rimini and Ancona, and the duchy of Urbino, that narrow strip of hill country which lies between Umbria, the March of Ancona and the Adriatic Sea.

As might be expected, the chief value of the work consists of architectural notes and plans made on the spot. Sir Thomas describes the ducal palace at Pesaro and Villa Imperiale, Leonora Gonzaga and Genga's creation on the heights overlooking the sea, but makes no mention of Giovanni Bellini's masterpiece in the Franciscan church, or yet of Piero della Francesca's fresco of Sigismondo Malatesta with his greyhounds kneeling at the feet of his patron saint in Alberti's Temple at Rimini. Stranger still, his historical account of Ancona contains no allusion to Pius II, the great Pope who died in the Bishop's palace hard by the Duomo, as he was about to set forth on a crusade against the Turk. *En revanche* he gives us a charming drawing of the harbour with the Arch of Trajan and the Cathedral on the hill above, and the picturesque little sketches of Urbino throned on its precipitous crags as we first catch sight of its towers on the steep ascent along the wooded ravine of the Foglia and again as we look back across the valley from the green meadows in front of San Bernardino, the burial-place of the dukes and duchesses. The writer gives us a full description and plan of the Palace of Urbino, once—in the words still inscribed upon its walls—"glorious both within and without." Although bare and ruined to-day, stripped of the priceless treasures which made it the wonder of the age, it is still the finest Renaissance palace in Italy. Our English architect does full justice to the noble proportions of vaulted halls and corridors and to the wealth of decorative

sculpture lavished on pillars and friezes, on doorways and mantelpieces. He reproduces the rich trophies of armour on the Porta della Guerra and the exquisite frieze of dancing children—carved in white stone on a blue ground—of the chimney-piece in the Sala degli Angeli. The little study adjoining this hall, which was Duke Federigo's chosen retreat, still retains the *intarsia* decoration, in which the "buon Signor's" favourite books, musical instruments, birds and pet squirrel are all portrayed, and opens on to a loggia commanding a superb view of valley and mountains. From these windows the Duchess and her brilliant company looked out, as Castiglione



A. E. Passmore.

READY TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES.

Copyright.

glione tells us in his immortal page, after a long evening spent in discussing the gifts and graces that go to make up a perfect courtier, to find the rose-red dawn already breaking over the lofty summit of Monte Catria.

Sir Thomas Jackson devotes seventy pages of his book to a summary of the Cortegiano, that celebrated treatise which describes the ideal Court over which Guidobaldo and his adored Duchess reigned—"Where wit and beauty learnt their trade, Upon Urbino's windy hill." Castiglione's book has always been popular in England, ever since Hoby first translated it in the days of Roger Ascham and Shakespeare, and is more widely read and studied at the present time than our author seems to be aware.

Like most travellers, Sir Thomas left Urbino by the old Flaminian Way which leads from Rimini to Rome, and drove through the wild Pass of the Furlo to Cagli, where Giovanni Santi's frescoes are still to be seen in the churches, and across the rugged Apennines to descend at last into the deep gorge where the ancient city of Gubbio lies. Here is another ducal palace with the same stately halls and delicately wrought cornices, and one solitary fountain in the now desolate gardens that were Duchess Elisabetta's daily delight. Sir Thomas gives us a drawing of the graceful Cortile, which was evidently the work of Laurana, the Istrian architect, who built the Palace of Urbino. Here, too, among the old roofs piled up against the hillside, you may find the house of Maestro Giorgio, the potter who invented the iridescent ware for which Gubbio was famous in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But his secret perished with him and his heirs, and the manufacture of fine lustre and majolica of Urbino passed away with the dukes and duchesses, with the age of Raphael and Castiglione.



WE saw last week that Sir Thomas Smith by the will he made in 1576 left money for completing his building, yet he seems to have got well on with it seven years earlier. A note in his handwriting tells us that in 1568 he began to build, in a stronger and handsomer fashion (*fortius et splendidius*), the north and west sides which he completed in the following year. This implies a continued use and gradual incorporation of parts of the old home of the Hampdens, to which very likely belonged the remnant of the octagon corner buttress, and also a projecting newel stair turret, now incorporated in the new office wing. The north side, as already described, retains all the walling and some of the features of 1568, but the west side, formerly containing offices, has been more than once altered since. To the south he built his hall, entered no doubt behind screens which to the west led to the offices, the hall occupying the remaining portion of the south side, which was flanked at each end by a square tower (Fig. 1).

The hall chimney stack prevented complete symmetry. The door at the outward end of the screens was, indeed, recast as a central and the towers as end features, but the spacing of the windows of the central block was dominated by Sir Thomas's disposition of rooms, although

in Queen Anne's time his detail was superseded, except the dormer windows and a series of red terra-cotta coats of arms in the cornice. The latter reappear on his hall mantelpiece (Fig. 4), where, as mentioned last week, the quartering of Smith and Charnock arms is four times repeated, while in the middle it impales Wilford. The bust of Sir Thomas in the pediment niche is an interesting feature, as is also a large panel with the arms and supporters of Elizabeth high up on the west wall of the hall, and similar to the one placed in the same manner at Poundisford Park. In every other respect the hall belongs to the period of the next reconstruction. The same may be said of the rest of the interior except the north staircase (Fig. 6) (which, however, is not in its original position) and the chimneypiece (Fig. 5), similar to that in the hall, in a bedroom on the first floor of the north side.

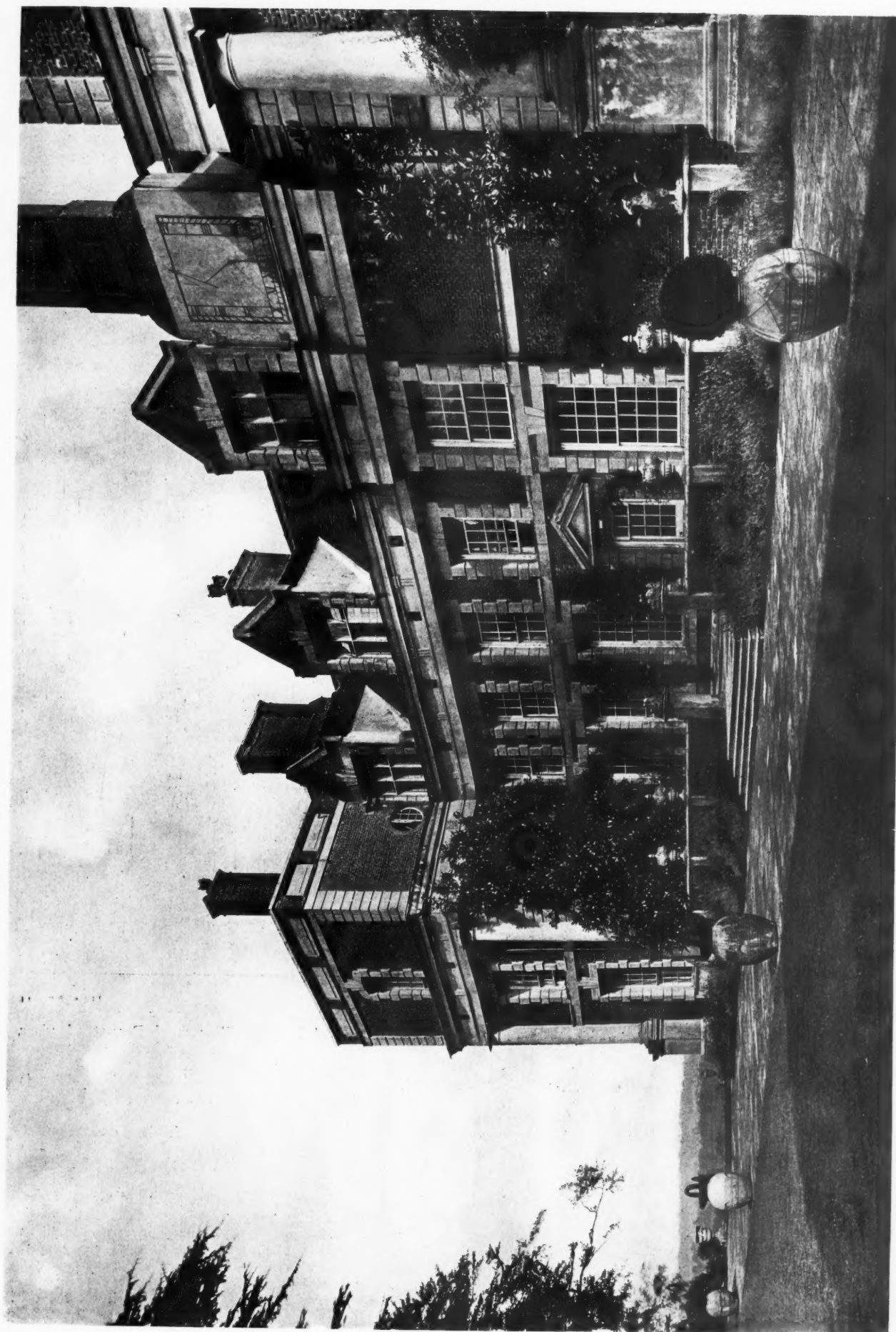
A great part of the upper floor of the north side, including this fireplace, was no doubt the gallery where Sir Thomas kept the library which he bequeathed to his College. His period of country retirement ended in 1571, when he became a Privy Councillor, going soon after on a second but short embassy to France, on his return from which he was appointed Secretary of State in place of Cecil, now Lord Burghley and High Treasurer. But age and infirmity were beginning to



Copyright.

1.—HOUSE, LAWN, CEDARS AND FISH POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—EXTERIOR OF SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tell, and even Hill Hall was proving no cure for "cold Rheums." In 1576 he sends to Lord Burghley, who was much subject to the same distemper, an account of his condition which sheds a lurid light on the doctoring of his day. When he sent for the physicians "they, according to their Method, first fell to Purging him, to free his Body from peccant Humours as a Preparatory to other Physic." The only effect was to "put his whole Body, and all the Parts of it into a Commotion and Indisposition," so that all, even those parts which had previously been well, were "brought out of frame." When the "Seditious Rout of Humours" thus raised was a little settled there followed "a Pill" that was as "insuccessful" as a purge though producing "abundance of Wrack and Torment." The next treatment, however, was innocent enough, consisting merely of "shaving his Head and wearing a Cap: which one Dr. Langton was the chief Prescriber of, accounted of Excellent Use for those that were troubled with great Rheums." For a month the doctors worked away and then, apparently, gave up the task as hopeless. "Physic having greatly weakened his Body, and all his good Humours dried therewith, and his Sickness so obstinate, that it little cared for Medicine, all his Physicians with one accord agreed advising him to forbear

haven after having been threatened by more than one storm and seen many a shipwreck around him.

At his death at Hill Hall in 1577 "his Lady enjoyed this Manor for her Life," and then it passed to his nephew, Sir William. No doubt the completion of the house, for which, as we saw last week, Sir Thomas had left money, had by now been carried out under the supervision of Richard Kirby and John Dighton. Certainly we cannot distinguish any of Sir William's handiwork there, but to him is ascribed the rebuilding of the Church of Theydon Mount, which stands in the park near by, and enshrines the ashes of many succeeding Smiths. The church, like the house, is of brick with plaster dressings, and the porch with curved gable above a pedimented doorway, is, together with the little staircase excrescence by its side, a very favourable bit of early Renaissance churchwork. The Secretary of State lies in effigy along the north wall of the chancel, and against the opposite wall is the monument of his nephew, whose epitaph tells us pretty well all that is known of him.

His father, George Smith, was a citizen of London, trading in Philpot Lane, but the son took up the profession of arms and on and off for thirty years was engaged in the wars that distracted the Emerald Isle under



Copyright.

3.—FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

all further medicaments, and to apply himself to Kitchen Physic, giving him leave to Eat and Drink what he would, and what his Appetite desired. And so he resolved to retire to his House called *Mounthaut* in *Essex*." There he lingered for fifteen months, dying in August, 1577. He had already begun his monument in the Church of Theydon Mount close by. He lies full length on a marble slab, his feet resting on the fire-girt salamander which he adopted as his badge in place of his father's crest after his escape from the fate of Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer under Queen Mary. The sculptor represents him as the same strong-featured, bearded man that we see in the full-length portrait preserved at Hill Hall, which the "Dictionary of National Biography" tells us is by Holbein, though some doubt the correctness of this attribution. He stands with his right hand resting on a globe, no doubt the one which, with his library, he bequeathed to Queen's College, Cambridge, and which he describes in his will as "of his own making." Such are the remaining memorials of this sturdy scholar-statesman of Tudor days, who lived to the full the life of his times (an illegitimate son was born the year after he took orders), but bore a character less grasping and selfish than that of most of his contemporaries, and who thus sailed his vessel into a safe

Elizabeth, and led to the disgrace of Perrott, Norris and Essex, who had followed each other in the command. Sir William Smith, however, fulfilled his subordinate post "with such approbation that he was chosen one of the Colonels of the army." Dying in 1626, he was succeeded by his elder son, who was himself succeeded five years later by his younger brother, Thomas. He got through the Civil War period without loss of liberty or estate, although his leanings must have been to the Royalist side, since he obtained a baronetcy soon after the Restoration of 1660. It was during the ownership of his son, Sir Edward, second baronet, that Strype had access to the Hill Hall muniments and wrote his "Life of the Learned Sir Thomas Smith," quoted last week. Although he speaks therein of the "great alterations" recently made, the most noticeable changes took place in the next generation. Sir Edward probably had an access of fortune through his wife, Jane Vandeput, whose father and brother were wealthy London citizens.

Their son, another Sir Edward, succeeded in 1713 and completed the work begun by his father, for the date 1714 occurs on the rainwater-heads of the east front, whereof the pediment is adorned with a great swagged cartouche containing the Smith arms impaling those of Hedges.



Copyright.

4.—THE HALL FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



Copyright.

5.—MRS. WILLIAMSON'S BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

6.—OLD OAK STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Christopher Hedges, lawyer and politician, was a Tory Secretary of State from 1700 to 1706, and his daughter Anne was the first wife of the third baronet of Hill Hall, dying in 1719.

There can, therefore, be no doubt that the rainwater-heads give us the correct date of the east front, which is a very pleasant bit of Queen Anne architecture successfully welded on to the Elizabethan structure. The centre portion, with a line of seven windows to each of its two storeys, must have been a complete reconstruction, probably projecting somewhat beyond the original building. Certainly it comes forward from the south-east tower, which was refronted and re-windowed to suit the new style, and used within for a new and ampler staircase. It called for a matching building at the north end, where there was no similar tower and where a bit of architectural "faking" was resorted to, as seen in the illustration (Fig. 3).

The north side had, no doubt, originally terminated with a gable, and here the walling was taken up straight, in imitation of the third storey of the tower which it had to balance. Such a device was by no means against the morals of late Renaissance design, and is certainly excusable where classic symmetry had to be given to an altered and not a new-built structure. There is much dignity combined with gaiety about this side of Hill Hall. The plaster-work dressings consort well with the warm tone of the brick walling. The original thick sashbars and the urned balustrade are apt and harmonious.

The complete design included formal gardens—walls, parterres, statues, fountains—which are shown in two contemporary pictures still hanging in a corridor. Whether they were preparatory designs or representations of a finished effort is not clear, but some such lay-out was probably created, to be swept away with hundreds of its kind when Kent and Brown developed their "Landscape" style, and when, no doubt, the stately cedars were planted.

The present effect is very good indeed. The house, the trees, the broad lawns and wide outlook are ample and fine material for the picture without terraces and parterres, borders and beds. There are masses of lavender bushes against the house, but no flowers. Colour is

given by a little flock of proudly strutting peacocks, while swans group themselves on the banks of old Sir Thomas's fishponds (Fig. 1), which have been retained.

As the house occupies a flat-topped tableland, falling on three sides, the presence of water is unexpected. But this tableland is really a spur of higher ground lying west, whence an ample water supply descends. Although the general "landscaping" of the grounds will date from the second half of the eighteenth century, the finishing touches, which give it excellence, are due to the present occupants,

Supposing that grain is cut out of the dietary, would not such drastic measures reduce the egg supply? Possibly it would do so, but the eggs would be produced at a cheaper rate, and there would be *some* eggs and the stock would be saved. The following may lead to a solution of the most urgent of poultry keepers' difficulties. Over twenty years in the service of the poultry industry has brought the writer in touch with many and sometimes peculiar clients. One comes very forcibly to mind at the present time—a retired Colonial with many bizarre views of the world in general and the subject of poultry feeding. His theme was that poultry could be reared without grain, and he

very faithfully carried out his theory. Here for nearly two years the fowls were under the closest observation; a good number of chickens were reared entirely without grain, and the adult stock were months without grain, and never at any time had but the smallest supply of it. A sick chicken or fowl was never seen in his yards. Some will say he was a "crank." Perhaps so, but his crank was on the axle of a meat-mincing machine, one provided with good stout cutters that most effectively dealt with a variety of substances. May we enumerate them? Banana skins, tomato skins, outsides of celery, radish tops, outside cabbage leaves, potato peelings, small pork bones, soft rabbit bones, bits of fat, the heads and tails of herrings, cod, or any other fish; the backbone and other bones of all these fishes, eggshells, crusts (if any, which was seldom), apple peelings, all fruit peelings, turnip and carrot tops and parings; in fact, whatever was "going" went through that meat-mincing machine and came forth in a very nice granulated condition. Into this he put a handful or two of broad bran and a handful of "fine feed"—by which he referred to middlings. The little chickens had rather less vegetable food and more of the meat, fish, bran and middlings.

Buff Orpington chickens reared in this way weighed between 3lb. and 4lb. at four

months old, and at that age did not know the shape of a grain of corn. They were perfectly healthy and beautifully feathered. The adult birds were fed in much the same way; from October to Christmas they had 1oz. of grain per day in addition to the soft food. After Christmas they went without because the local supply of tail corn had finished and it was against his principles to import it. The egg average varied because the house scraps varied; usually two and sometimes three eggs per bird per week were obtained, but the egg supply never failed and the cost per dozen was ridiculously small. In those days a fowl could be fed for 1½d. per week. The Colonial's scheme was to feed under a halfpenny, and—he did it.

This method could not be applied to large farms, but why not save the small stocks? Is it not worth while to preserve stocks when so many will be needed to restock France and Belgium? This is not a time to make money; it is a time to hang on to things. If all our stocks go, then out of the Old Country the money will go to refurnish them.

The use of the foods before mentioned does not contravene the Food Controller's orders. It is simply using waste—what in many cases would be unavoidable waste—and with the help



Copyright.

7.—IN THE BLUE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

whose alterations to and refurnishing of the house will be next week's theme. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

POULTRY FEEDING WITHOUT GRAIN

THE increasing difficulty of obtaining grain for poultry feeding is causing much consternation among poultry keepers, and substitutes are being very eagerly enquired for. A question now frequently put to the expert is: "Are there any substitutes for grain, or must I give my poultry up?" And another: "Do you think one ought in these times to give maize, barley or oats that might be required for human use?" The answer to these questions is better given Scotch wise—by asking another, and that is: Have you ever thought that poultry can exist without grain? And if so, then you ought not to deplete the country's stock by disposing of your birds.

of a little milling offals turning it into good food. It is quite as legitimate to give it to poultry as to pigs, and in towns much more convenient.

Fish provides good war rations for poultry. A cod's head is not usually used for human consumption, and there are other kinds of fish waste. The heads of "dabs," or flukes, and other fish, if well boiled become so soft that the bones will crush to powder as the meal is incorporated with them. Fish given in this way has no appreciable effect on the eggs—it is shrimps, salmon, mackerel and fish containing a good deal of oil that are likely to flavour eggs if given daily in the diet of the fowl. In many districts rice with husk on can still be obtained; 1lb. of this will weigh nearly 4lb. when cooked. A cod's head, 1lb.

of rice (cooked with a very small lump of fat), a little bran and some middlings, and quite a good repast is available for the fowls—food that chickens, ducks, fowls or turkeys will enjoy and on which they will thrive. Meat bones ought to be boiled with vegetables many times before being dismissed as useless. One boiling does not obtain all the nutriment from them; they yield fat, gelatine and bone phosphates in every successive boiling.

It is to be hoped that the Government will seek to preserve the breeding stock of this country, stock that has been scientifically bred until it is the world's best. Still, even these cannot be put in the balance against human requirements, and one only asks that no stock should be sacrificed without very careful investigation.

WILL HOOLEY, F.Z.S.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN THE LIBYAN DESERT

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL SCUDAMORE JARVIS.

IT is doubtful whether the credit for the day's sport should be given to John Read of the Camel Corps or to the Army Service Corps bullock who broke loose from confinement. Perhaps it would be fairer if they shared the honour and glory, for by himself the bullock could have done nothing, and if it had not been for the bullock, John Read would not have gone out into the desert and therefore would not have discovered the wadi.

It fell out in this wise: a bullock belonging to the Army Service Corps, and destined shortly to be issued to the troops as fresh beef, had taken exception to his fate and charged three natives. Then, breaking loose, he had gone slap through a barbed wire entanglement guaranteed by the Royal Engineers as Senoussi-proof and had wandered forth into the desert. That night Bedouins reported him straying some ten miles away and still going strong, and as it is not seemly that some hundreds of pounds of ration beef should wander at large on the hoof in the Libyan Desert, John Read, with six armed men of the Camel Corps and two butchers, set forth on camels and returned towards eventide with a large mass of ration beef ready for issue. Success had crowned their efforts, but what was still more interesting was the fact that in his wanderings John Read had stumbled upon a narrow green wadi or valley intersecting the high plateau. The wadi was knee deep in green barley sown by the Bedouins with patches of wondrous coloured flowers, and there in the cover provided were quail by the hundred.

Quail had been eagerly expected for some weeks, as the time was at hand when in countless thousands they would fly northwards bound for Central Europe. Incidentally one cannot help thinking that they will find Central Europe a far from peaceful haunt these parlous times, and wish themselves back in the Southern Soudan, South Africa, or wherever it is they hail from.

It was at once decided that an expeditionary force should be sent out to explore the valley and make an effort to supply the mess with something a little more appetising than ration beef varied by bully beef, and as W— of the Light Car Patrol was desirous of trying a recently overhauled Ford, we sallied forth that afternoon, five guns strong, with about thirty-five rounds of ammunition apiece. The less said of some of the guns the better, for they were of all descriptions, ranging from a Belgian make with an extra double choke that made a 15-inch pattern at 100yd., to a cheap English hammer gun of great antiquity. The cartridges were like the guns, or more so. John Read, who was using a 16-bore, had only No. 3 shot, which are not to be recommended for quail, though quite useful for Senoussi or geese, while the owner of the Belgian gun had No. 5's,

but the closeness of the pattern made up for any disadvantage on this score.

We mounted the high escarpment outside camp, and before us lay the Libyan Desert, a greenish brown stretch of what



THE LINE OF GUNS.



THE BEATERS AND THE CAR.

Thomas Atkins calls "miles and miles and miles of damn all." Across it, as straight as a die, lay the Siwa road, a yellowish ribbon across the plateau that mounted the far escarpment and disappeared over the sky-line. Seven miles out we struck the wadi, and leaving the road we rattled over brown stones, anthills and patches of grey camel thorn to the edge of the wadi. Then, holding our breath, we gripped tight, while W— let the car slide down the impossible slope of one in three, littered with loose boulders and pitted with rocky ledges, to the green of the valley beneath.

The wadi varied in breadth from 80yd. at the narrowest to some 300yd. at the widest, and it was covered with a bright green carpet of barley and other vegetation that we found most soothing to the eyes. In the centre, scored deep in the level of the valley, was the bed of a stream now quite dry, while here and there among the barley were wonderful patches of brightly

coloured desert flowers varying from the most vivid yellow to the deepest crimson. It certainly looked an ideal spot for quail, and, leaving the car by the rocky edge, we lined out and started to walk the barley. We had journeyed some 400 yd. without meeting a bird, and had threatened John Read with a court-martial, when a pair of quail got up with a whirr. Both were dropped in the first 20 yd., and with the reports seven more rose close at hand. Three of these fell and before we could reload some ten or twelve arose in different parts of the line, and so it went on for a glorious ten minutes or more. We reloaded, took one cautious step forward, up got a cloud of quail and every barrel was discharged; then a momentary pause to load, another step, and another cloud of quail whirled away.

Some twenty birds were down in front, but nobody had marked them with any degree of certainty, and no one was very clear as to how many he had accounted for. John Read's dog, a small black creature that might possibly have claimed as a distant ancestor a smooth-coated retriever, showed no aptitude whatsoever for finding birds. She had no idea of using her nose, had a marked propensity for chasing larks, and in fact was about as much use for retrieving as her namesake would be, *i.e.*, Naga, a she-camel.

Practically every quail that had escaped—a matter of at least 60 per cent.—had gone on down the wadi, and only a few had imitated their cousin, the English partridge, by swinging to the right or left. For the next half mile birds were plentiful, and every minute a pair rose with a whirr from the barley. Two Bedouins, attracted by the sound of firing, then joined us and, grasping what was required of them, fell into line and acted very creditably as beaters. They had only two faults—one,

a habit of rushing forward excitedly to pick up every bird that fell (and, as it is an invariable rule that where there is one quail a second will always be found close at hand, this was a proceeding fraught with much danger); the second was a wonderful imitation of a quail's little whistle that they uttered from time to time as they beat the bushes, and most trying to our nerves we found it.

At the end of the valley we struck another large covey, and here the Belgian gun made some very wonderful shooting, albeit a close pattern of No. 5's has a somewhat shattering effect on a quail at even 50 yd. distance. We then called a halt for a much-needed smoke and rest, for the sun was blistering hot and the air in the narrow valley very stifling.

Cartridges were then redistributed to level things up, and, lining out again, we walked up a small branch wadi, accounting for seven quail who were taking refuge there, and failing to stalk a large brown and white bird that appeared to be an eagle of sorts. Anyhow, we had met his type before, and had found from experience that he had a most disastrous effect on quail, making them sit so tight that it needed a lever to get them off the ground.

The sight of the car in the distance was very welcome, for the going had been very heavy and the heat rather trying in the breathless wadi. In a very short time we had a fire of camel thorn blazing and an Australian billy-can perched on two stones over the blaze. From the car we produced ration tea, sugar and tinned milk, and when the first mugs of boiling tea had been poured down our parched throats we turned out the bag and found we had killed forty-one and a half couple—a quite creditable performance for two hours with indifferent guns and unreliable and unsuitable cartridges.

THE HOUSE OF SMITH, ELDER

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

FORTUNE to-day has turned her wheel with curious hand. Just over a century ago, one George Smith, then twenty-seven years of age clerk in the house of John Murray the Second, left Albemarle Street to set up in the bookselling business with Alexander Elder as his partner. They began their business as publishers in 1819, and now, after ninety-eight years of independent existence, crowned with ample success and high personal prestige, that business returns to Albemarle Street into the hands of John Murray the Fourth.

That success, that prestige, were raised to their greatest height by the son and namesake of George Smith, a man of singular genius, in whom the venturesome spirit of youth never grew chill, though its bold enterprises were ever guided by natural acumen and carried through by an amazing power of hard work. Strong business capacity was lifted from the ordinary rut by an innate interest in literature and men of letters. The chivalrous instincts of his generous character begot warm intimacies of friendship, far closer than any ordinary business relations, and his genial practical wisdom, ripening with the years, was always active in the service of his friends. During his long life this personal touch in dealing with authors—this touch which transmuted the common clay of business into the pure gold of friendship—became the essential tradition of the house, which passed into the veins of his fellow workers and successors in their turn, and was recognised without as the dominant note of the firm. A publisher is not generally a hero to his authors; but once at least it has been so, and Charlotte Brontë's picture of "Dr. John" bears immortal testimony to the fact.

The business had already made its mark when the George Smith of our remembrance, who added his mother's name of Murray to his own, took sole charge in 1846, as a youth of twenty-two. The firm's first publication reflected the Scottish seriousness of the two partners. It was a collection of "Sermons and Expositions of Interesting Portions of Scripture," by a popular Congregational Minister, Dr. John Morison. This was issued from the offices first taken at 158, Fenchurch Street; it was not until 1824, soon after the birth of George M. Smith, that a move was made to the historic premises at 65, Cornhill, which the firm made its home for forty-five years.

With this move the firm was enlarged. A third partner was introduced; Smith and Elder became Smith, Elder and Co., and, thanks to the new connections thus formed, undertook an Indian agency which, from exporting stationery and books to officers in the East India Company's service, came to deal with goods of every description, undertook banking operations, and finally grew into the largest business of the kind. Though this department became the most important part of the firm's activities, the publishing side continued active. Popular taste in the 'twenties and 'thirties ran to the annual "Keepsakes" and "Offerings"—illustrated pot-pourris of verse and prose by many hands. Besides bringing out such volumes as "The Comic Offering, or Lady's Mélange of Literary Mirth," and "The Diadem, a Book for the Boudoir," both edited by Miss

Sheridan, the firm took over one of the most attractive of these works, "Friendship's Offering," bringing it out for fourteen successive years. To this Macaulay contributed his "Ballad of the Armada," and among the old-established favourites appeared promising beginners such as Tennyson and Ruskin, the latter thus inaugurating his thirty years' connection with the house. In fiction a "Library of Romance" was undertaken and fifteen successive volumes published at a price foreshadowing recent developments, namely, six shillings.

Among scientific publications Sir Humphry Davy's "Works" in nine volumes were succeeded by the Reports of certain Government expeditions, the most celebrated of which was that of the "Voyage of the Beagle." Thus began the connection with Charles Darwin, for whom Smith, Elder subsequently published three other books, including his "Coral Reefs."

But though the firm launched out thus in various directions in touch with men who were destined to become leaders of contemporary thought, it maintained no steady policy. "If a book," wrote George Smith, "made a success, then for a time almost everything that offered itself was accepted; this naturally produced a harvest of disasters; then for a while nothing at all was published." Successive managers turned out failures; it was time, the young George Smith felt, that one of the firm should devote himself closely to the department. He himself had come in as an apprentice at the age of fourteen, learning from the bottom every practical detail of the business, from mending the office quills to binding books and setting type. Now at the age of nineteen he persuaded his father, who in turn persuaded his partners, to put him, young as he was, in sole charge of the publishing department, with the sum of £1,500 at his absolute disposal.

His first venture was a collection of essays by various writers on well known literary people, called "The New Spirit of the Age," in two volumes, with eight illustrations, edited by the vigorous and eccentric "Orion" Horne. On this book George Smith lavished the pressing care proverbially bestowed upon the firstborn. He passed sleepless nights meditating improvements, and the story of how he edited the rather impracticable editor is amusingly told by himself. A too sympathetic article on an unpopular politician threatened the vogue of the book. Correspondence was vain; at last Smith went to Horne's residence in Kentish Town to settle matters in person. Desperately serious as he was, he had humour enough to appreciate the absurdities of the scene that followed.

"I argued the matter with great earnestness, employing all the eloquent phrases I had invented during my ride to Kentish Town on the outside of an omnibus. Horne at last said: 'My dear young friend, you are rather excited. Let us have a little music.' He fetched his guitar and played to me for half an hour; he then asked if my views were still the same. He found they had survived even the strains of his guitar. Then Horne's good nature came to my aid. He opened his bookcase, beckoned to me with the gesture of a tragic actor to approach. He took up the offending manuscript, written on brief paper, held one

corner in his hand, and motioned to me with the utmost solemnity to take the other corner. We then proceeded in funereal silence, keeping step as in a stage procession, to the fireplace, when Horne looked me in the face with a tragic expression and said: "Throw." We threw; the offending manuscript dropped into the flames; Horne heaved a deep sigh, and I shook him warmly by the hand and departed, much relieved."

But the young publisher was not allowed to accumulate the profits on his ventures and embark upon larger enterprises. The profits went into the general account, and he was restricted to his original capital. But his time came when he was just twenty-two. A year earlier he had stepped into his dying father's position; now he was left alone. His father died; the third partner had to withdraw, for he had misused the firm's credit and capital, and Elder finally retired.

With almost superhuman energy and strength George Smith straightened out his difficulties. The Indian work absorbed most of his efforts. He tells how he and many of his clerks often worked till three or four o'clock in the morning, and in the short space between the arrival and departure of the Indian mails he would sometimes work thirty-two hours at a stretch. But this incessant work told on his health, and in 1853 he took H. S. King into a partnership that lasted till January, 1869, when King took over the agency and banking business, which had recovered, though in a specialised direction, after the shock and business dislocation of the Indian Mutiny, while he himself took the publishing business to 15, Waterloo Place.

Thus, in the earlier period he could not give much time to publishing. While keeping control of the business side and managing the final negotiations with authors, he sought and found a trusted literary adviser in William Smith Williams, an excellent man of letters, whom he had come to know as clerk to the lithographers who made the illustrations for the "Voyage of the Beagle." This connection began immediately after Smith's assumption of full control over the business; it lasted thirty years till a few months before Smith Williams' death in 1875.

From this point, in ever increasing measure, the literary history of the firm takes typical shape in the series of deep personal friendships to which it gave rise, beginning with Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Ruskin and Robert Browning, and continuing with Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, the Stephens, Sir Theodore Martin, Matthew Arnold and his niece, Mrs. Humphry Ward—friendships continued often into the next generation on either side.

Smith Williams' letters to authors about their MSS., whether accepted or rejected, are models of discriminating criticism tempered with kindness. The story is well known how one accompanied the MS. of "The Professor" on its return to Currer Bell, and "by its courteous and sensible criticism cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done." Everyone knows how the MS. of "Jane Eyre" followed this; how Williams gave it one Saturday to George Smith to read; and how he in turn being minded to look at it before his mid-day ride on Sunday became so engrossed that he sent away his horse and sat reading all day and far into the night till he had finished.

Familiar, too, is the sequel; the sudden visit to London of Charlotte and her sister, Anne, to prove that Currer and Acton Bell were actual and separate persons; the friendship that was established with the Smiths, and confirmed by subsequent visits; the dinner when Thackeray was invited to meet Charlotte and perversely refused to play the admired part of her literary hero.

A new friendship and business connection was formed through Charlotte's introduction of George Smith to Harriet Martineau; but the meeting with Thackeray thus brought about was the starting point of a greater friendship that did not cease with Thackeray's death, but was continued in warmest measure with his daughter, Lady Ritchie. The firm began to publish for Thackeray in 1850, and ten years later this association produced the *Cornhill Magazine*. George Smith had long looked forward to possessing a newspaper. Thackeray suggested in 1854 that he should edit a daily sheet in the mode of Addison and Steele. It was to be called "Fair Play," and was to deal frankly and firmly with literature and life; but he finally shrank from the responsibilities of editorship and the scheme was dropped. In 1855 the firm inaugurated a weekly—the *Overland Mail*—for Indian readers, and next year, the *Homeward Mail*, to give Indian news to readers at home.

The subsequent founding of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1865 realised on an ampler scale the project of *Fair Play*, but its independent line in politics alarmed the conservatism of H. S. King, and George Smith took over the sole ownership apart from the firm.

It was in 1859 that the conception of the *Cornhill* came to George Smith in one of his flashes of successful inspiration. The irresistible attraction for the public was to be not merely a shilling magazine of higher literary quality and freedom than its existing competitors, but one containing a serial novel by Thackeray himself; the whole thing, with illustrations by the best artists of the day, at the price usually paid for the monthly numbers of his novels alone. When a practised editor was not forthcoming, George Smith, by another flash of inspiration, induced Thackeray to be literary editor, while he himself controlled the business part. Success was instantaneous. The

first issue sold the then unheard of number of 120,000. Though this figure was not kept up, the circulation continued far beyond that of any competitor. Thackeray, however, remained editor only two years. His sensitive nature found too many "thorns in the editorial cushion." Then Frederick Greenwood was called in to aid Mr. Smith, in conjunction with G. H. Lewes, till 1864, and alone till 1868, when, under pressure of other work, he handed over his responsibilities to Dutton Cook. In 1871 began Leslie Stephen's eleven years' editorship; George Smith, who till then had mainly guided the magazine and secured most of the important contributions, leaving him practically full direction of affairs. In 1882, Stephen, on taking up the direction of the "Dictionary of National Biography," was succeeded by James Payn, his close friend, whom he had already introduced to fill Smith Williams' place in 1875. Under Payn, who aimed at making the magazine "an illustrated repertory of popular fiction," the *Cornhill* in 1883 was issued at sixpence, but without popular success, and on his retirement in 1896 it reverted to its old price, but without illustrations. The next two years were passed under Mr. C. L. Graves and Mr. St. Loe Strachey, now editor of the *Spectator*, and in 1898, Mr. Reginald Smith began his eighteen years' editorship, which lasted with equal literary and personal success until his death last December. The editorship has now devolved upon the present writer, his coadjutor for the last fifteen years.

The *Cornhill* brought many new writers into close touch with the house of Smith, Elder, as well as being a rallying ground for old friends, such as Browning and G. H. Lewes and Ruskin, whom George Smith had come to know in the early 'forties, along with Horne and Leigh Hunt. Through Ruskin he had not only published D. G. Rossetti's first book, but had met the artists who drew for the early *Cornhill*, and whose work was re-published in "The Cornhill Gallery," Millais, his close friend, Leighton, Richard Doyle. Frederick Walker, on the other hand, was a chance "discovery."

In the *Cornhill* first appeared Mrs. Browning's "Great God Pan," Tennyson's "Tithonus," and Robert Browning's "Hervé Riel," the £100 received for which was devoted to the relief of Paris after the siege. Of novelists there were Anthony Trollope and Wilkie Collins; G. H. Lewes introduced George Eliot, who first published "Romola" in the *Cornhill*; Lady Ritchie's "Story of Elizabeth" was the first of many serials from her pen. In a long list come Mrs. Gaskell, Seton Merriman, Charles Lever, Charles Reade, George Meredith, Blackmore and Black, Mrs. Oliphant, Henry James; and of those still among us, Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Woods, the Countess von Arnim, Mrs. de la Pasture (Lady Clifford), Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. E. F. Benson, Anthony Hope and Mr. H. A. Vachell.

The *Cornhill* was equally distinguished for the essayists who contributed to its pages. Lewes and Fitzjames Stephen were among its original supporters; Matthew Arnold was one of the first in those days of anonymity to see his name signed to his essay on "Eugénie de Guérin." Among his *Cornhill* contributions were all the essays that made up his volumes "Celtic Literature," "Culture and Anarchy," "St. Paul and Protestantism," and "Literature and Dogma." Another was John Addington Symonds; Leslie Stephen's critical essays were collected in his "Hours in a Library." Ruskin's treatise on political economy, "Unto This Last," only ran for four numbers; its socialistic tendencies proved too much for the general reader. This was the first rift in the thirty years' association, during which the firm published more than thirty volumes from his pen, and which came finally to an end in 1878, for Ruskin desired a method of distributing books which the firm was unable to arrange with the booksellers. "R. L. S." often wrote in these pages, and it is hardly necessary to remind the present generation of the varied essays, sometimes in the form of letters or diaries, from the pens of Mr. A. C. Benson, Canon Beeching, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, Dr. Fitchett or Sir Henry Lucy.

One of the very pleasant features of *Cornhill* days was the hospitality offered by George Smith to his contributors, whom he loved to gather round him, whether in the first monthly dinners at Gloucester Square, or later when his friends came by general invitation to the Friday evenings at Hampstead where he spent the summer months from 1863 to 1872. It will be remembered that Thackeray's "Roundabout Paper," "On Screens in Dining-Rooms" was written in retaliation for an ill-natured attack on Smith in his character as host by Edmund Yates, to whom Trollope had carelessly described the entertainment.

These dinners to contributors were continued from time to time by the last editor, and very pleasant gatherings they were. To his lot also fell two special celebrations: one the jubilee of the *Cornhill* in 1910, when after dinner at his house a charming little play by Lady Clifford was acted, the plot a struggling author's dream and its realisation through a discerning editor—of course, the editor of the *Cornhill*; the other the centenary of Thackeray's birth in 1911, when he and Lady Ritchie acted as hosts to a vast gathering of friends in the gardens of the Inner Temple.

Apart from literature in the strict sense, mention must be made of another department, the medical publications, organised by George Smith, and supervised by Dr. Ernest Hart, which flourished most especially while the two periodicals the *London Medical Record* and the *Sanitary Record*, founded by Smith and edited by Hart, remained in his hands.

On the other hand, the firm never established a regular educational department. It did not specialise in art books, nor had it machinery of its own conveniently adapted to the issue of very cheap reprints. For these it usually made arrangements in other quarters. Novels, biographies, travels, essays, formed its chief staple. Through Sir Arthur Helps, an occasional contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose "Friends in Council" the firm published a little later, came the commission to print Queen Victoria's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." This was intended for private circulation among a few of the Queen's friends only, and accordingly was set up under every precaution for secrecy. After the forty special copies were struck off and bound, consent was given to the printing of a public edition, which appeared with the greatest success in December, 1867. Hand in hand with this came General Grey's "Early Years of the Prince Consort," and later Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," and in 1884 a second instalment of the Queen's Journal, "More Leaves."

The close connection with Robert Browning dates from 1868, when George Smith was able to undertake a collected edition of his works, and from that time forth, beginning with "The Ring and the Book" in the autumn of that year, published all his new works as well as taking over Mrs. Browning's works from their previous publisher. To Browning himself, whom he had long known, he became an intimate friend and counsellor, so that on his death-bed the poet bade his son in any difficulty to turn to George Smith for advice.

Before coming to the last and greatest of George Smith's projects, it may be permitted to retell an oft-told story to illustrate his magnanimity towards his workers. In 1880 the MS. of "John Inglesant" was "tasted" and rejected by James Payn. Published by another house, it had a vast success. Some years afterwards a "gossiping paragraph" in a newspaper had a flick at Smith, Elder for refusing such a book. Payn had absolutely forgotten that he had ever seen it and declared that he would write a public denial. Smith gently said he had better leave it alone, but on Payn insisting, opened the letter book, saying, "This is why you had better not," and showed him the *pièce de conviction*. Payn had no word to say but to admire Smith's forbearance from any slightest reproach under the circumstances, to which his friend replied that he was sorry to distress him by any reference to the matter, and would never have mentioned it had not Payn forced his hand.

Per contra, Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa," which had been refused by a long string of publishers, appealed instantaneously to James Payn, and was promptly accepted.

Concerning the "Dictionary of National Biography," with which George Smith's name must in future ages be chiefly identified, and on which he desired to expend part of his large fortune, not as a money-making investment, but as a contribution to the literature of his country, let me quote Sir Sidney Lee, Leslie Stephen's successor in the editorship: "At first he had contemplated producing a cyclopædia of universal biography; but his friend Mr. Leslie Stephen, whom he took into his confidence, deemed the more limited form which the scheme assumed to be alone practicable. Smith was attracted by the notion of producing a book which would supply an acknowledged want in the literature of the country, and would compete with, or even surpass, works of a similar character which were being produced abroad. In foreign countries like encyclopædic work had been executed by means of Government subvention or under the auspices of State-aided

literary academies. Smith's independence of temper was always strong, and he was inspired by the knowledge that he was in a position to pursue single-handed an aim on behalf of which Government organisation had elsewhere been enlisted. It would be difficult in the history of publishing to match the magnanimity of a publisher who made up his mind to produce that kind of book for which he had a personal liking, to involve himself in vast expense for the sake of an idea, in what he held to be the public interest, without heeding considerations of profit or loss. It was in the autumn of 1882 that, after long consultation with Mr. Leslie Stephen, its first editor, the 'Dictionary of National Biography' was begun. Mr. Stephen resigned the editorship of the *Cornhill* in order to devote himself exclusively to the new enterprise." George Smith, whose death occurred in 1901, lived to see the completion of the work, the sixty-third and last volume of which appeared in 1900 amid the cordial good will of the many contributors and the applause of the literary world. The *Epitome* and the supplementary volumes which keep it up to date followed under his successor.

Although the Dictionary was brought out under the auspices and imprint of Smith, Elder, it was alike the monument—*œuvre pérennitaire*—of its deviser, and retained as his personal property.

From 1881 to 1890 George Smith was joined in the publishing business by his elder son; in 1891 his younger son came in, but retired from active partnership in 1899. Thenceforward the control of the business passed into the hands of Reginald Smith, K.C., who had married George Smith's youngest daughter in 1893, and joined the firm at the end of the following year. Ultimately the business became his sole property. In him the honourable traditions of the house were fully maintained. A publisher, in his idea, was the business trustee of the author, not his exploiter, and this was the guiding principle of his straightforward methods, his care to do the fullest justice to others, his readiness to render countless services that were not strictly in the bond. Like his father-in-law, he continued the friendships so typical of the house, and added a friendship almost every time he gained a client. Many of these have been named above; one must especially be dwelt upon here. The publication of Captain Scott's two great books was a matter of special pride to Reginald Smith, and his affection and admiration for the explorer grew unceasingly from the moment of his first meeting. It was after six o'clock one evening when Captain Scott called, soon after his return from his first expedition, called at Waterloo Place. "I am writing a book," he said. "Will you publish it?" "Certainly," was the reply, with the offer of such excellent terms that Scott exclaimed: "That's all very well for me, but where do you come in?" And when he went out on his last expedition he left his affairs in charge of the tried friend whose practical judgment was no less than his good will.

Apart from the coincidence of the first George Smith having served his time with an earlier John Murray, there existed a certain measure of affinity between the two publishing houses. Long tradition was matched by yet greater length of tradition; the two principals were friends of long standing, and respected one another's work when they served together on the Publishers' Council; and when Mr. Murray, realising that a union between the two businesses was possible, approached Mrs. Reginald Smith through a common friend, it was felt by all immediately interested that if this chapter of literary history must needs be closed, the house of Smith, Elder could not reach its appointed end more happily than by union with the house of Murray.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Borderlands of Science, by A. T. Schofield, M.D. (Cassell.)

THIS is one of the most elaborate attempts we have met with to enlist popular sympathy for "psychism" by an appeal to science. Dr. Schofield puts forward several claims to attention. He tries, for instance, to clothe erudite thought in simple language, avoiding the barbarous dialect of the ordinary scientist. Huxley and Tyndall succeeded in doing so last century, and there seems to be no insuperable obstacle to the feat being done once more. And Dr. Schofield is frank—but more of that anon.

The heart of the matter and the most entertaining part of the book is to be found in the second section, that dealing with "The Twilight or Borderlands." Delightful, because so utterly incredible, is the chapter on the Aura, from which it would appear that if you are "clairvoyant" you may see your friends each wrapped in his "aura," even as the mediæval Catholics beheld an aureole round the heads of the saints. But if not clairvoyant, you can obtain a liquid solution of a salt—dicyanin—and enclose it within two slips of glass; "it forms a blue screen by means of which the aura (without colour) can be seen." Dr. Schofield carried out the experiment, and a full account is written down in this book. If Anthony Mesmer were alive, he would like

to know that in the same way magnets can be seen giving off "complete streams of visible force of some sort." Science this, and no mistake!

Now let us illustrate the author's candour. He was one of three physicians present at the séance in Regent's Park which the late Mr. Stead described as the most remarkable ever held in London. A truly amazing incident is recorded by Dr. Schofield:

Mr. Stead then rose and said he had just received a message from the spirit world from Frederic Myers to say that he was expecting great things from this séance. Then the man "medium" stood up and petrified me by calmly stating that he was not a medium at all; he was merely a society entertainer who made no profession of occultism, but he and his wife would give such manifestations that afternoon that he would give £100 to any hospital in London if they could be reproduced under similar conditions.

To my astonishment, the audience, instead of rising in indignation and bringing the séance to an end, never moved a muscle nor said a word; and Mr. Stead then stood up and actually stated that these persons were mediums, but did not know it, or words to that effect.

The so-called appearance of Mr. Stead's son would be comic if it were not for the horror inspired by such trifling with the most sacred of human feelings.

When we were all reseated, the lights were further lowered, and soon we saw on the carpet, protruding from between the curtains, a bar as of luminous silver, then the shape of a human foot, the leg followed up to the knee, and then the curtain slowly parted, and, clad only in light gauzy texture,

a human form appeared, shining all over as if rubbed with luminous paint, and coming forward, stood within six feet of me.

Mr. Stead now rose, apparently overcome with emotion, and told us who the figure (which he appeared to recognise) really was, stating at the same time that the medium was sitting inside the enclosure on her wooden chair. Then to my sheer horror (I can call it nothing else) the luminous figure itself spoke, and said in strong Yankee tones, "No I ain't, I'm here." Even then, in the dim light, I could see no smiles on the faces of the learned men and women present. Three times did a figure slowly come out and return, and then, with minor manifestations, the séance came to an end by the bursting open of the curtain, and the rushing out of the medium in her original skirt and blouse. I immediately congratulated her on her entertainment. Most of the others, however, to my amazement, declared that the séance was a really spiritualistic manifestation of great value!

Without casting doubt on the good faith of the Professors from Oxford and Cambridge, distinguished scientists, leaders in Theosophy, and so on, who formed the audience, the only plausible explanation is that put forward by our author of "collective hypnotism."

Dr. Schofield has much to say in regard to the comparatively new science of psychometry. He tells us one or two very extraordinary stories of a lady clever at the science who on being given a gold cross belonging to a young clergyman, exclaimed, "Oh, how dreadful! What shrieks and sounds!" as though she divined him to be what he was, the chaplain of a lunatic asylum. She also made a good

shot at the original use of a stone which our author brought from the walls of Jericho when Joshua was making his great push. "This is full of wickedness," she said; "it is very, very old. I see wild people shouting and rushing about."

Stories like these used to be told by wizards and sorcerers, second sighted Highlanders and seers, fortune-tellers (fashionable and unfashionable), village witches, and "wise" men, professors of White Magic and the Evil Eye. It will be noticed that the doctor's clever lady is pretty general. A gold cross might carry other horrid associations than those connected with the demented, and a stone bearing signs of age might have been tossed by an ancient Briton as well as by one of the defenders of Jericho. The present writer, through a friend who is a devout believer in psychometry, has applied several tests in the same way as Dr. Schofield and always with the same result, of receiving in answer a general reply that had no accurate detail. What a glorious thing for the historians if a wishing carpet such as is fabled in old fairy tales did really exist and the battles and other great events of long ago could be seen as they actually occurred. But modern traffic with the unseen, popular and fashionable as it has become, reveals nothing but the trivial. It seems, to say the least, premature in a man of science to narrate such incidents as belong not even to the "twilight of knowledge."

CORRESPONDENCE

HARICOT BEANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In paragraph 4, page 439, of your issue of May 5th it says that haricot beans can be grown very easily. Will you kindly give me information regarding them, the kind of seed, and how they are grown and dried? I have never come across anyone who has admitted to having grown them before, and should be interested to try them.—S. F. EDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue dated April 28th, under "Country Notes," it is mentioned that beans may be dried naturally in the open air. Would the writer of this particular note be good enough to say in your "Correspondence" columns if the beans have to be dried in the pods, and if the pods should be allowed "to run to seed," as one calls it?—AMY M. SNELLING.

[Haricot beans have been grown in this country for many years; they are, in fact, merely varieties of the ordinary French bean and dwarf bean, including all varieties commonly known as kidney beans. As a rule, they are grown in this country for use in the green state, but we know of many places in the South of England where excellent crops of beans for drying are procured every year. Around Canterbury, for instance, this is a popular crop among allotment holders and cottage gardeners, and we have seen enormous crops of butter beans and haricots grown by railwaymen on embankment gardens with a warm aspect. So long as the soil is not too cold and heavy, and given a fine summer, haricot beans can be grown quite as successfully here as in Belgium or in almost any other part of the Continent. The seed should be sown at any time during this month. Sow the dwarf varieties in lines 2ft. apart and thin out to 1ft. or 18in. apart in the rows. Taller varieties should be given space between the rows almost equal to their height. In suitable districts haricot beans may be grown as a field crop, particularly where the preparation of the land is too late for sowing wheat. White or pale green seeded varieties are preferable, such as Mont d'Or Waxpod (butter bean), Haricot de Soissons blanc, and the dwarf-growing varieties Sutton's Gem, Flageolet de Soissons nain (white seeded), Dwarf Golden Waxpod (butter bean) and Sutton's Masterpiece (pale green). The mottled seeds of scarlet runners and the mahogany-coloured seeds of Canadian Wonder do not meet with much favour as dried haricots, although we see no reason why they should not be cooked. The ordinary haricot beans as purchased from the grocers germinate quite well as a rule, but they are often mixed. It is more satisfactory, therefore, to purchase seeds from a reliable seedsmen. If grown for use as dried haricots, the beans must be allowed to mature on the plants. They should be hung up on wires in a dry place to ripen off. They may, in fact, be ripened off like sweet peas when saved for seed. When ripened the beans drop readily from the pods, which should be placed in sacks and beaten, after which the beans may be screened off. It does not appear to be generally known that peas for drying may be grown in the same way. Marrowfat peas are not so suitable, as they are inclined to turn yellow and shrivel; but the variety Harrison's Glory is extensively grown in East Anglia, including the reclaimed land at Methwold and Tangy, as a field pea for this purpose. When sufficiently ripened the peas are stacked with the haulm and afterwards threshed, the dried peas being sold to the grocers. Whether grown as field or garden crop, both haricot beans and dried peas would prove a potent force in alleviating the possible, and we almost fear probable, food shortage next winter.—ED.]

RICE INSTEAD OF FLOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the cry of the housekeeper as to how to save flour, I venture to send you some suggestions for making pastry and bread. There are several foods which may be successfully used as substitutes for flour, and

one of the most palatable is cooked rice, as this partly does away with the dark appearance resulting from the use of war-time flour.

Rice Bread.—Equal parts of cooked rice and flour, yeast, salt and sugar in the same proportion as for ordinary bread making, i.e., one teaspoonful of salt to every pound of flour and rice, one ounce of yeast for from one to three pounds of flour, one and a half ounces from three to seven pounds, two ounces for seven to fourteen pounds; a little tepid water. Mix the flour and salt, cream the yeast with a teaspoonful of sugar to a liquid, add a little warm water, and pour into the middle of the flour and salt; mix well. Then add the boiled rice, which should be still warm. Mix well to a damp dough, adding a little warm water if necessary. Put to rise in a warm place for about an hour, or until double the size; then knead and make into rolls. Put to rise again for ten minutes and bake in a hot oven for from fifteen to twenty minutes. This mixture is best made into small rolls.

Rice Pastry.—Equal parts of cooked rice and flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, six ounces of margarine and lard or good dripping, and a little cold water to one pound of flour and rice. Well boil the rice beforehand so that it may be cold. Mix flour, salt and baking powder, and rub in the fat until like breadcrumbs. Mash the rice with a fork and add to other ingredients, mixing in well with the back of a fork; if necessary add a little cold water—just enough to make a dry dough. Roll out, make into whatever is required, and bake in a moderate oven twenty to twenty-five minutes. For both the above recipes the rice should be weighed after cooking, as during that process it gains four times in weight; for instance, two ounces of rice will make half a pound when cooked. It is most important that the quantities of rice and flour should be carefully weighed, as if too much rice is used the result will not be satisfactory; also the rice must be thoroughly cooked. When using oatmeal, maize flour, or barley flour in making pastry or bread use equal parts of substitute and flour, and follow the usual methods. I sincerely trust the above will be of some use.—DIPLOMEE.

THE COMING OF THE SWALLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondent mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE for May 12th that he had seen a swallow in the Isle of Wight on April 20th. On the same day several put in an appearance in this part of West Cheshire (West Kirby), which is, of course, much further north. A swift was seen here on April 30th, which I think is exceptionally early for that visitor.—WALTER THOMSON.

HUNTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue for May 12th Lieutenant F. Vincent Donovan enquires as to the average distance ridden during a good day's hunting. I have endeavoured on several occasions to compute this approximately in regard to certain fairly long hunting days I have had in mid-Essex (a heavy clay country which I know very well), and I came to the conclusion that, on each day, I had ridden altogether at least sixty miles. This I regard as a moderate computation, and several friends with whom I have discussed the matter have agreed that it is not far out.—M. C.

WILD SEEDS FOR PET BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be obliged if any of your correspondents would tell me what seeds of wild plants I can collect and ripen to feed my parrots and doves. Bird seed will probably be difficult to buy, but seeds that wild birds eat should surely be suitable. Are the seeds of umbelliferous plants—cow parsley, etc.—poisonous, and do birds eat the seeds of sweet peas?—J.

DONKEYS DRAW THE PLOUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you will find the enclosed photograph sufficiently interesting to print. A team of donkeys ploughing must be a sight rarely, if ever, seen



A QUIANT TEAM.

in England, and not very often in Ireland. Of course, the soil is light and the work suitable for the small creatures.—C. L. LAYARD.

WOMEN'S DEFENCE RELIEF CORPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is a time when everyone is interested in the land and attempts are being made to increase our knowledge of tillage at the same time as we increase our food supply. It has been suggested to me that your readers might be interested in hearing of an effort in that direction which we are making. We have formed among our London members (but others willing to join would be welcome) a Diggers' Club, hired a field near Osterley Park Station, Middlesex, obtained the kind services of one of Lord Jersey's experts for our instruction, and we propose to cultivate that land in vegetables according to Mr. Moye's direction. The field is near London, and people with spare time who want to learn vegetable growing can easily run down from town.—C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

YOUNG NETTLES AS FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Owing to the backward condition of all gardens due to the tardy spring it will be some weeks before green garden stuff is put on the market, but Nature in her bounty provides some good substitutes, two of which— young nettles and the early tops of charlock—come most readily to my mind, and of both there will be an ample supply in the course of the next few weeks. Nettles as the foundation of an excellent beer are largely used in most country villages, also as a table drink and for medicinal purposes, while many labourers' wives use the early and tender shoots in the place of greens from the garden patch. Lying just beyond a certain garden patch was a huge bed of nettles which every season produced a forest of "keks" fully 4ft. high. In the middle of February the dry "keks" were mown and the whole bed carefully raked clean. A month afterwards the bed was a mass of young nettles 2in. to 3in. high, and long before there were any early garden greens ready a fine crop of young nettles were gathered by means of shears, and of these a large clothes basket was filled to make the first boiling. These were treated exactly as if they were early greens, and the whole basketful were used, for nettles are much reduced in bulk by boiling. They were served in the country way with melted butter—a white sauce—and were equal as food to any greens from the garden. Owing to the nettles being shorn, a new crop was ready in a very short time, and this cropping was kept up till garden greens came in; and only once was the nettle bed treated to a sprinkling of salt. Nettle tops were thus proved to be a good substitute for garden greens. Many labourers' wives gather charlock tops and use them in the same way as well as the thinnings of turnip beds, which latter are boiled whole and tops and bottoms are both eaten; in fact, there are many edible wild growths, including early bracken fronds.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

VERMIN IN DOG'S COAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be so grateful if you could tell me of some real cure for lice on a dog, and which is not in the least dangerous or harmful to his coat or health. I have been away for four months and find he has been neglected and is literally swarming with these disgusting vermin. Bathing with Spratts'

Soap seems to have very little effect, so do sulphur and Keating's Powder Petrol has been recommended, also methylated spirit, but these seem very drastic for a delicate-skinned dog. He is a dachshund with a very close, thick coat. He is desperately thin, though getting about 10oz. of dog biscuit

and 1oz. or 2oz. of meat every day (which, by the way, is lean trimmings, not good for human use) and a little broth. Do you think that enough for a dog that gets a good bit of exercise? He is in the best of spirits and ravenously hungry all the time. He does not scratch or bite himself much, so it hardly seems as if it were the vermin that keeps him thin. He nearly died of gastritis last November, and has never regained the flesh lost then. I am afraid I am rather a nuisance with my frequent and lengthy queries, but I have always found your advice and remedies so successful that I cannot help trespassing on your good nature once again.—F. C. S.

[A dog so infested with lice might easily get into poor condition. One of the most effectual treatments is sponging thoroughly with an emulsion of paraffin two parts and milk one part. This may be well mixed if the milk is heated before the paraffin is put with it. The dressing is harmless. Possibly several applications may be necessary, in case any eggs should remain. Going over the coat with a small tooth comb should help. Burn all the old bedding, giving him a fresh outfit. The food allowed seems ample. Possibly a vermifuge is needed. Should the low condition continue after the destruction

of the insects, let the dog have a little cod-liver oil daily.—ED.]

COMMON-SENSE PIG-KEEPING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At a time when many are starting pig-keeping it may interest these to know how wonderfully hardy even small pigs are if brought up in healthy



A MEAL IN THE SNOW.

out-of-door surroundings. The photographs were taken during the bitter weather in February, and the tiny mites were out in the snow at three days old, and scampering about the woods and taking their meals from the sow out of doors a few days later, when at the same time many people with sty-kept pigs were losing whole litters from the cold. Any home-made brushwood or gorse shed is good enough for the older pigs, who do well in them right up to the time of farrowing and produce large families of healthy youngsters.—KATHARINE OLLIVANT.



A HARDY HAPPY FAMILY.

THE DOVE ORCHID.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph is of the dove orchid, called by the Spaniards in olden times "The Holy Spirit." The picture was taken from nature and is untouched in any way, but shows with remarkable clearness the extraordinary resemblance between the blossom and a dove brooding over its nest.—E. DU BOULAY (Captain).



A FLORAL DOVE.

I could induce him to go out through the adjoining window, which was open. On examining this mouthful I found it to consist chiefly of a black mass with a worm and grubs mixed up with it. On placing this in water it revolved itself into a collection of flies, chiefly a very small, slender black fly, with a few larger ones. I was able to count ninety-six flies, three grubs (of two species) and one worm. There must, I think, have been more than this number of flies in the original mouthful. If this was at all an average mouthful the number of insects destroyed in a day by a pair of these thrushes must be enormous.—E. H. GODDARD.

FROM THE SAND HILLS OF EGYPT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs taken in the sand hills "behind the lines" in Egypt. One shows a natural dug-out which we found in the hills. My



A NATURAL DUG-OUT.

photograph was taken from inside the entrance showing the desert below. The other picture shows native children at work sifting stones for road making. This appeared to be very hard work for such young children, especially as they were fully exposed to the sun, while the shade temperature at the time was 120deg.—S. A. BROWN.



EGYPTIAN CHILDREN SIFTING STONES.

RHODODENDRON HONEY.

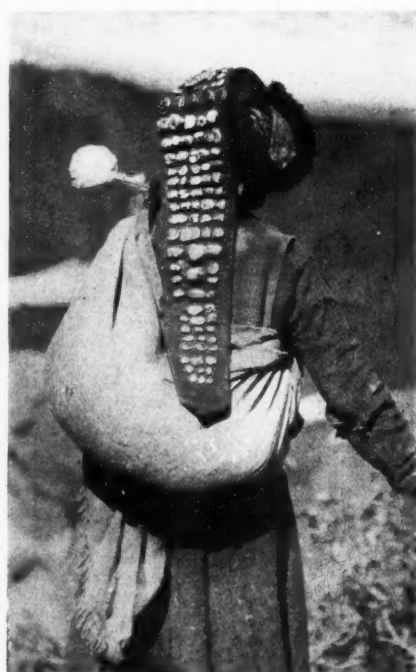
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As far as I can remember, Xenophon's soldiers gorged themselves with honey and became very ill and, no doubt, intoxicated. I have heard of men being made helplessly drunk by drinking home-made mead, which is simply honey and water fermented. A surfeit of any kind of honey would cause illness for a time and we are warned of that fact in the Book of the Proverbs, chapter xxv, verse 16.—JOHN WATSON.

A CURIOUS HEAD-DRESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you two photographs of the head-dress worn by the women of Ladakh. Of all the curious forms of head-dress met within the Himalayas this is, perhaps, the most remarkable. It consists of two side pieces made of embroidered silk, mounted on some form of stiffening and edged with black fur, and a piece of red cloth, which, commencing from the forehead, goes right over the top of the head and hangs down behind in a kind of tail. The whole of this is thickly studded with silver ornaments and precious stones, mostly turquoises, some of which are of large size, as will be seen from the photograph. The dress is very similar to that worn in many parts of the higher hills, being made of coarse homespun woollen material, usually of a dark brown colour. The Ladakhi women seem to spend all their spare time in spinning the raw wool into thread, and even as they are walking along the work continues. The ball of wool, worn sticking out from under the left ear, certainly adds to the charm of this picturesque head-dress.—H. L. WRIGHT.



A LADY OF LADAKH.

THE UNION OF SAXONY AND POLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a few notes in answer to your correspondent, Mr. F. E. Laurie-Fogo, about Saxony and Poland. Frederick Augustus I (son of John George III, Elector of Saxony, and his wife, Anna Sophia of Denmark) succeeded his own brother, John George IV as Elector in 1694. From his enormous physical strength he was called August der Starke, and his armour, and especially his iron cap, still preserved at Dresden, are of such weight as hardly any man could wear. He was made King of Poland in 1697, defeated by Charles XII of Sweden and forced to abdicate, whereupon Stanislaus Leczinski was elected King in 1704. After Peter the Great defeated Charles XII at Pultowa in 1709, August der Starke regained possession of the devastated kingdom, and with Russian help more or less maintained his sovereignty there till his death in 1733. (The famous Maurice Marshal Saxe was his bastard son.) His son, Frederick Augustus III, succeeded as Elector of Saxony and claimed the Crown of Poland. With the help of Russia and Austria he was eventually recognised as undisputed King in preference to Stanislaus, whose daughter was wife of Louis XV of France. He was a *roi fainéant*, and on his death in 1763, Stanislaus Poniatowski was elected King of Poland, and the two partitions followed in 1772 and 1793. The grandson of Frederick Augustus III was made first King of Saxony as Frederick Augustus I by Napoleon in 1806.—OVEDALE LAMBERT.